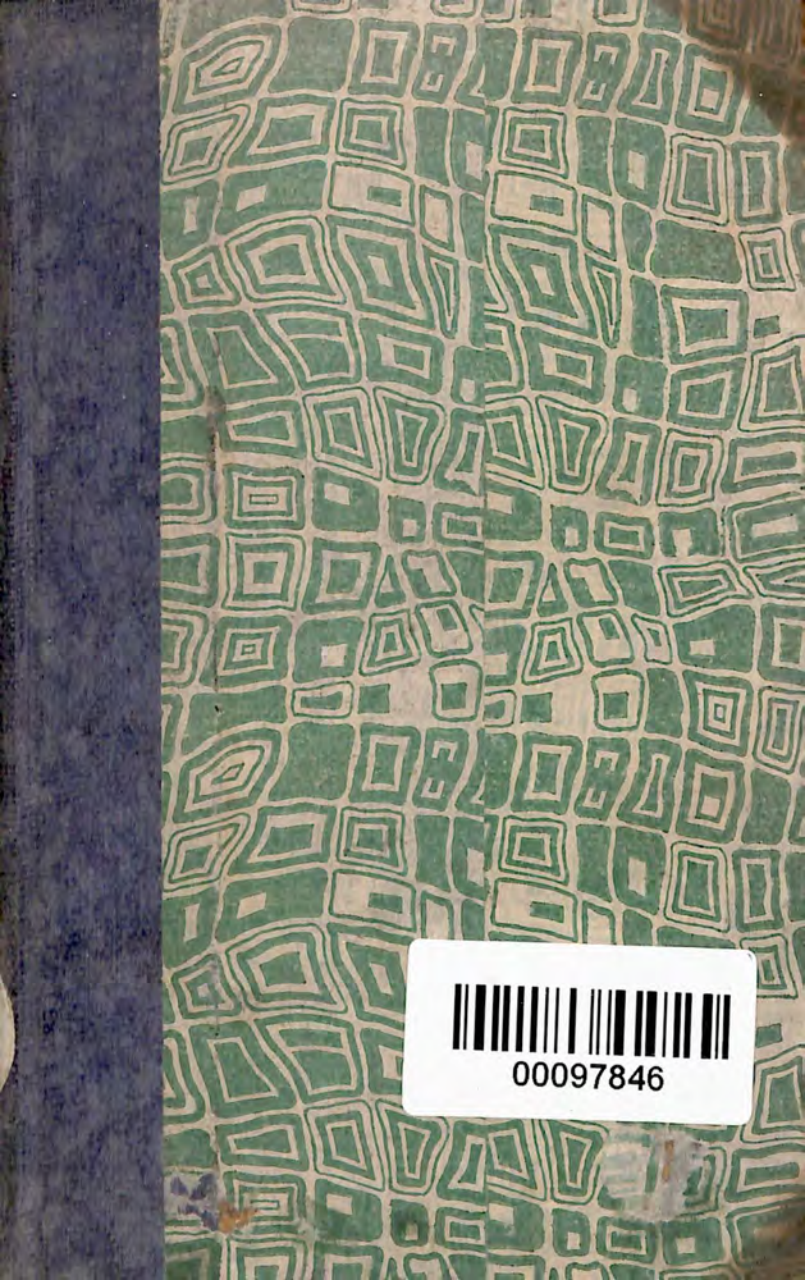
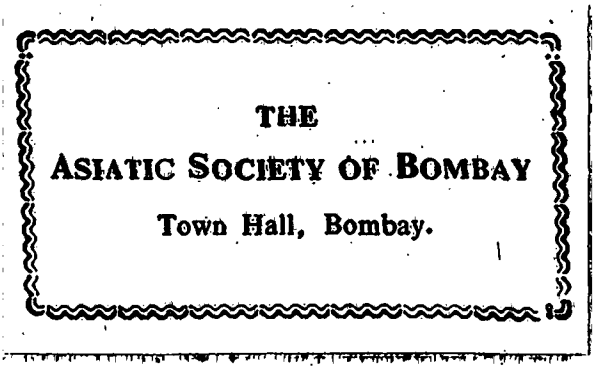

00097846




Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016

THE

# GLORY AND SHAME

OF

# ENGLAND.

97846

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1841.

Les/Glo
97846

TO THE

# REV. JOEL TYLER HEADLY.

---

WHAT I have here written, my dear Headly, I inscribe to you: would it were more worthy of being dedicated to one of my early—one of my best friends. But I am persuaded you will generously overlook its faults, as you have my own. In a treacherous world, *you* have never deceived me. In my reverses of fortune I have ever been cheered by your sympathy; in my prosperity you have ever rejoiced.

Since first we met on the peaceful shores of Oneida, we have gone forth to mingle with the world—to be deceived by its flattery and wounded by its selfishness; to struggle with its stormy passions, and meet its stern realities. How often, amid the duties of a profession

subject to greater trials than any other, have we grown weary in contemplating the sorrows of earth and the perfidy of professing friends! how often wished to forget the present, and travel back among the quiet groves where we once loved to wander; to recall the images of the kind and beautiful with whom we then worshipped around the magic altars of boyhood's love!

But one word about my book. In publishing these Letters, I have yielded to the counsel of those in whose judgment I confide more than in my own. I do not flatter myself that in all points I shall be favoured with the sympathy or the concurrence of the reader. Many, perhaps, will think I have drawn too dark a picture of England; of the sufferings and sorrows of the mass of the British people. To such I can only say, I have described things as they appeared to me, and endeavoured to write with candour.

The pleasure of visiting our Father-land; of wandering among its venerable monuments; of conversing with its illustrious men, was all sadly marred by the sight of the misery, ignor-

ance, oppression, and want which I met on every side.

I well know the dreadful meaning of these words, but I would sooner see the children of my love born to the heritage of Southern slavery, than to see them subjected to the blighting bondage of the poor English operative's life.

In writing this work I have thought I might render some service to our country, by diffusing among its citizens a more correct knowledge of the spirit and condition of the nation with whom, at no distant day, they may be brought into collision; and by inspiring them, if possible, with a warmer regard and love for their own free institutions, and more devout gratitude to Heaven for the blessings they dispense.

I am prepared for abuse from Englishmen on both sides the Atlantic—I expect it. They will ask, with no slight manifestation of astonishment, "What does the author mean by the SHAME of England? Who ever heard of the SHAME of England?"

There are thousands of Englishmen in our land, driven from their own country, who yet

deny, when they get here, that there is any such thing. They have little sympathy with our institutions; and no love for the country which has adopted them. How different all this from the enthusiastic attachment of the generous-hearted Irishman who has "dashed from his lips the poisoned cup of European servitude," for a home in this New Free World.

But I ought, and I do say, with pleasure, that there are many Englishmen in America worthy of a home among us; that there is, too, a numerous band of noble Reformers in England. In their breasts the fire of the Puritans still burns; they know the truth, and *feel* it; they love humanity—liberty. May God bless them!

Nor have I forgotten that I found many noble hearts in England: they took me by the hand, and gave me a generous welcome; and since my return I have had occasion to know that by some of them, at least, I am still remembered. Not a day passes that I do not think of their cheerful homes in "Green Albion." For all this unexpected, unsought, and un-

merited kindness to a stranger, they have his gratitude; and his prayers for the blessing of the "stranger's God."

When I stepped upon my native soil again, my eyes had been so wearied with the sight of oppression and suffering, that I felt from my heart that I could embrace every green hill-top of our own free land—I thanked God I was an American.

If by these pages I shall inspire one reader with a higher love of Truth and Freedom; with a deeper indignation against wrong; with a noble purpose to diffuse the hallowed spirit of Liberty throughout the world, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

UTICA, October 1, 1841.

# THE GLORY AND THE SHAME

OF

# ENGLAND.

---

London, May—, 1840.

Dear ——,

It is my first night in London. The bells of St. Paul's have just struck the hour of midnight. I am sitting in an old oak chair, in a narrow and gloomy apartment at the Guildhall Coffee-house, which stands in the heart of this great metropolis. There is but one window in the room, and the storm is beating against it. I am surrounded by two millions of human beings, and yet, of all this vast multitude, there is, probably, no one I ever saw before. Should I be struck down with

disease to night, no friend would watch my bed; were I to die, no one would let fall a tear on my grave. I begin to feel the truth of that well-known saying of Johnson, "There is no solitude so awful to the stranger as London."

After I left the railway station at Euston Square, I rode on mile after mile, scarcely realizing that I was among those very scenes of which from childhood I had so often read, and about which I had thought so long and so earnestly. I longed for daylight to unfold the wonders of that crowded world through which I was moving. The lamps here and there cast a flickering and uncertain glare upon the adjacent pavements and houses. To avoid the throng, we passed through different by-streets, where not a lamp was to be seen, nor a voice heard, save the noise of low debauchery coming up from some foul and dismal cellar. What scenes, thought I, should I witness could I but look into all these dwellings. In that house an aged man, long weary of the

world, just drawing his last breath; in the next, an infant opening its eyes for the first time upon the light. In that stately mansion is heard the sound of mirth and revelry, while by its side an orphan, who has this very day asked for food a thousand times, and asked in vain, is shivering in the cold damps of night. In that lonely chamber might be heard the dying groan of one once beautiful and virtuous, but now outcast and deserted, with no one but God to see her die; while, perhaps, in some neighbouring dwelling, pure young hearts are exchanging their vows of love. Here the abandoned are revelling in pollution, where the very air is loaded with guilt, while, separated from them only by a thin wall, the subdued voice of prayer and praise is ascending to heaven.

London! How much there is in that single word. It is not a city—it is a world by itself. Thousands, it is said, live and die here without ever seeing the blessed light of heaven shining on the green fields. The wealth of Lon-

don would well-nigh purchase half the globe, and yet there are in it one hundred and fifty thousand poor wretches who feel the keen pangs of hunger every day. It is now the hour when the poor, the weary, the guilty, the heart-broken, who *have* homes, have gone to their rest; those who have none are wandering through dreary lanes, to find some transient shelter; the hour, too, when the rich, the gay, the noble, have just begun to mingle in scenes of splendour and dissipation. What a spectacle must London present to the All-Seeing eye at midnight! But it is late; and I am so much fatigued that I must defer giving you a description of the incidents of the past day until to-morrow.

---

On my way to the cars in Liverpool, I met a blind woman, who was standing at the corner of one of the principal streets: her only covering was a tattered skirt, a ragged

handkerchief thrown over her shoulders, and an old straw bonnet tied on her head with a coarse string. She entreated me, in God's name, whoever I might be, if I knew how to pity a poor blind woman who was starving, to give her a penny; for if I or some else did not, she *should* certainly starve. I had heard so much about the "profession" of begging, that I was determined, whenever asked for charity, to examine the case for myself. I stopped, therefore, a few moments to converse with this woman. There could, at least, be no deception in her *eyes*; for they had both perished, and left only their hollow sockets behind. She needed clothing, and looked wan and hungry. But, after all, Suspicion would say, "She may be hired to beg, and assumes this air of want and wretchedness only to win sympathy;" and so it *might* be that she was a poor victim of misfortune, innocent in the eye of heaven, thrown upon the tender mercies of a stranger, who may himself one day feel what it is to

beg or starve. So long as there was a possibility of this, I could not wrong my own soul by turning one of God's creatures unfeelingly away. When I offered her some money, she reached forth her shrivelled hand saying, "God bless you, master! I wish I had eyes to see you—and I hope you may never be blind; but if you *should* get blind, I *do* hope you won't be naked and hungry too, and without a home or a friend in the world, besides." I felt sick at heart when I left the old woman, and the last words I heard her utter were a prayer that God would bless me. I may become so familiar with spectacles of this kind before the summer is over as to pass a beggar by without assistance or sympathy; but in this instance I certainly felt that the blessing of one ready to perish was upon me.

As I was passing from the office to the cars, a very pretty but pale-faced girl came up to me, with a basket of books on her arm, and in a sweet voice inquired if I did not wish to

get a Companion. I answered, "That will depend entirely upon the character—a gentleman or a lady?" "Oh, sir," she said, with a smile, "a Companion that will be of more service to you than either: more intelligent than a gentleman, and less troublesome than a lady;" at the same time handing me "The London, Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester Railway Companion." I was interested in the girl's appearance, and I asked her a few questions. She seemed to be in poor health, and this was readily explained: "I have sold Companions and Guides here," she said, "ever since the railway opened, on the 4th of July, 1837. That 4th of July I think a deal of; for I have a brother in America, and he says there is no such country in the world. I should think he liked your country better than his own."

"Pray how did you know I was an American?"

"Well, sir, I can hardly tell you; but there is something about American gentlemen

that strikes me the first moment I see them; and I always try to find them, for they almost always buy my Companions. But they for ever ask me if I can't take less than a crown for the book; and when I say I am a poor girl, and have, by selling books, to support my mother who is in a consumption, and a little brother who had both his arms crushed by the machinery of the factory; and that all the rest of us are dead (except William, who is in New-York), then they don't ask me to take less, and very often give me more."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives about six miles from town now; but she used to live in Bristol."

"Did you ever hear Robert Hall preach?"

"Oh! yes, sir; we used to go to Mr. Hall's Chapel, and many a time has he come to tea at our house; and when he came he always had his pockets full of something good for us. But he has gone to heaven now, if any one goes there."

"Could you understand his preaching?"

"I was very young, and had not much education, and I could not understand much of his preaching on the Sunday; but I could understand almost every word when he lectured in the evening, and every time he came to see us, he would read the Bible, and explain it as he went along, and pray and talk to us about religion; and then I could understand every word. What made me like Mr. Hall so much was because he was so kind to the poor: he never was ashamed to speak to them in the street, or anywhere he met them. Do you have such ministers in America?"

"We have a great many good ministers, but not many, I fear, like Mr. Hall. How many hours a day do you spend here?"

"I am here when every train goes out, and I sleep between whiles."

"Don't this injure your health?"

"Yes, sir; for, when I came here, I was not the pale girl you see now; I was as ruddy as any girl in Lancashire. But I am

willing to work hard to help dear mamma and poor little Charlie, for they can't help themselves. They get along through the week as well as they can, and when Saturday night comes I go home, and we have some good things, and are so happy when we are together that we think we have pretty good times."

"How much do you get by selling these Companions?"

"The Company give me sixpence for every one I sell; and, although I wish they could allow me a little more, yet I feel very thankful for that; for what I get here, with what my brother sends from America, makes us pretty comfortable. If I had not been obliged to pay the surgeon so much for cutting off Charlie's arms, and for coming to see mamma, I should feel encouraged. But I don't want to complain. I remember Mr. Hall used to say that we are all treated better than we deserve, and that we should not complain when God afflicts us, for it's no sign that he does not love us just as well as ever."

"I am glad to hear you express such feelings, my poor girl, though I am sorry for you."

"Oh, sir," said she, "if you could see how many thousands there are in England that have nothing but what they get by begging; how many there are that go naked and hungry, you wouldn't pity *me*. The only thing that troubles me much is, I am growing so weak that I fear I shall not be able to sell books much longer, and I don't know what we shall do when I get sick and helpless. We can go to the workhouse, but it makes me feel very gloomy to think about that. I suffer a good deal in thinking what we should have to put up with if we went there; and, rather than go there, I shall work as long as I can."

I think, dear ——, I know you too well to suppose you will not be interested in these conversations. I am persuaded that far more may be learned of English society by hearing persons of all classes describe their own feel-

ings, than is to be gathered from any other source. The poor best know their own sorrows, and are sure to express the real feelings of the heart.

As I took my book, and the girl turned away to find another customer, an accomplished and fine-looking man of youthful appearance (who had been seated near us, and had overheard our conversation) called her back, and gave her a sovereign for one of her books, and then politely handing me his card, with an apology for introducing himself, inquired if I was going up to London. "Yes, my Lord," I replied, when I saw, from a glance at the card, that I was addressing an Irish nobleman.

"Will you give an Irishman the pleasure of your company? I have taken one apartment for London, and nothing will be more agreeable than to have you for a companion."

I replied, as I put my card in his hand, that I would accept his kind invitation no less for the pleasure of riding with an Irish-

man than with a nobleman. "Your republicanism I do respect," said he, "after all; for the nobleman who does not merit respect for his character is deserving of none for his title."

Taking our seats in the carriage, which was furnished in the most expensive manner, with damask linings and the richest scarlet velvet, the whole train entered the grand tunnel which passes under the city. This is a stupendous work, being a mile and a quarter in length, seventeen feet high, and twenty-five wide, and constructed at an expense of nearly a quarter of a million sterling. The carriages are drawn up by means of a stationary engine at Edge Hill, where the tunnel terminates. It caused a most singular, and by no means pleasant sensation, thus to pass through the bowels of the earth, under the streets, churches, and warehouses of a great city. It reminded me of the long, dark, damp caverns of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

One of the first things that excited my

astonishment in this country was the enormous wealth one sees expended in its public works. The principal railways of England and Wales already opened, or in course of construction, number fifty-four, besides a great number of minor importance, exclusive of many other projected lines, some of which have received the sanction of Parliament, but are not likely to be executed at present. The total length of these fifty-four principal roads exceeds 1760 miles, independent of the smaller branches. The gross sum the different companies have been authorized to raise for the construction of these principal roads is no less than £58,754,033. The actual expenditure is sometimes less than the amount authorized to be raised, but in many instances it exceeds it. The English railways are superior to those in the United States in every respect, as regards safety, speed, beauty, and durability. There is, indeed, an appearance of solidity and strength in nearly all their structures which is very rarely seen in ours. Their houses, public

buildings, and works seem formed to last for ages; and they are, for this reason, more easily kept in repair. But we are told, and with some truth, that what is economy here would be unbounded extravagance with us. The immense investments in the numerous railways, nearly all of which have been made during the last ten years have produced little or no embarrassment or fluctuation in the finances of the country. But this would not be so in the United States. For myself, I have no fears that we shall not spend money enough in every thing we undertake. We are already following the example of England far too quickly.

Every traveller who has written about England has spoken with admiration of the beauty of its scenery, the perfection of its roads, and the high state of cultivation which everywhere prevails. But I have found all these things even more perfect than I had anticipated. There is a freshness and a richness in English landscape which exceed description. In com-

ing from Liverpool up to London (a distance of 215 miles,) almost every variety of scenery is brought to view. There is some legend of romance or fact in history to be told about every hill, and lake, and stream, and hamlet on the way. We passed old battle fields, which had been strown with the bodies of past generations; the ruins of ancient castles, which had been stormed, overgrown with ivy; and through clumps of green trees, rising from the vale, might be seen the gray towers of some old church, built many hundred years ago. When I gazed upon the venerable church of St. Oswald, seven miles from Liverpool, which is said to be coeval with the establishment of Christianity, standing amid the ruins of the old British city of Cair Guiretguic, where Oswald, king of Northumberland, had his palace and was slain by Penda, king of Mercia; and a little to the north of it, the Field of Gallows Croft, where Cromwell and his Republicans left the followers of the Duke of Hamilton, who had fled from Preston, dead

upon the field, or hanged their prisoners upon the battle-ground—it all seemed like some dream of boyhood—only a dream.

"There," said Lord ——, as we entered on the Vale Royal Viaduct at the 32¾ mile post, "there you can see the spire of Moilton village church, and to the west of it Vale Royal Abbey, the seat of Lord Delamere; and I can tell you a story about the family of Cholmondeley. They were the patrons of the old Prophet Nixon, whose visions have great credit among the peasantry of the neighbourhood even at the present day. They look upon the viaduct with a sort of ominous dread, regarding it as a fulfilment of one of the old seer's prophecies. He used to say, 'That when the rocks near Warrington should visit Vale Royal, the sun of the ancient family of Cholmondeley would go down.' The stone from which this viaduct was built *did* come from Hill Quarry, in Warrington; and the good peasantry have been not a little disturbed by it, though Lord Delamere himself follows his hounds and shoots

his grouse with as much unconcern as ever. The peasantry say, too, that Nixon foretold that in the year 1837 England should be without a king; and that year you know we were, in fact, kingless."

Ten miles more brought us near Nantwich, which is the first place where the Romans manufactured salt in Britain, and where the widow of the great Milton died 114 years ago. We had here a fine view of the woods of Lord Crewe's domains. This old English seat is not at present occupied by its noble owner, and for a very good reason. The late Lord Crewe was addicted to the noble vice of betting, and staked so enormous a sum on a race, that, on losing it, he was obliged to mortgage his estate for the payment. On his death, the present Lord Crewe, with *filial chivalry*, allowed the remaining portion of the debt to be paid from the rental of the estate, which has made him quite a stranger in these parts. How much longer this interesting exile will be kept aloof from his paternal acres, pro-

bably the mortgagee understands best. I remarked to Lord —— that the old sportsman should have enjoyed the race pretty well to compensate for the consequences. "Ah!" he replied, "if he had felt a moment before it as he did a moment after it, he would probably have made a better speculation."

I then inquired how general the practice of betting was, and what were its effects among the nobility. "Why, sir," said he, "games and sports of hazard are the disgrace and curse of our nobility. The passion for this kind of excitement takes precedence of all others; and the amount of wealth that is lost, and the embarrassment and ignominy it brings upon their families are incalculable. They are very punctilious in discharging these 'debts of honour,' and I have known splendid fortunes entirely ruined in a single night. There is a vast number of gaming-houses in London, but the chief of all is in the fashionable part of the town, and is probably the most extensive and splendid gaming establish-

ment in the world; it is supposed that the house and furniture cost at least £100,000. There are but few saloons in London that can be compared with it. The most sumptuous dinners are given at the proprietor's expense, and the choicest wines that the city can afford are brought on freely, and without charge. Young noblemen who have just succeeded to their estates, and others who have large expectancies, are sought out and taken by the arm by some 'friend,' in the pay of the proprietor, and whose business it is to find out such persons, and are invited to dine at this establishment, but not a word is said about cards or dice. They are flattered by the invitation, and accept it. A superb dinner, and a liberal supply of choice wines will often inspire a disposition for gambling where it did not exist before. It is a prize worth striving for to fleece one of these 'flats,' as they are called, and a regular plan is concerted to effect it. All the finesse, and diplomacy of experienced gamblers are brought into requisition.

The intended victim of their snares is treated with the utmost courtesy and attention, and for the first few nights is allowed almost invariably to win. During the interval, the proprietor and his agents have informed themselves 'for how much he is good,' and *he* has been inspired with confidence in his skill and a deeper passion for play. The road to ruin is made smooth; every obstacle to his progress is removed. All his desires are gratified; he seems to have everything in his own way; his purse is filled with unexpected gold, and he dashes into the fashionable world with exultation and display."

"This business of gaming is never prosecuted to any great extent, except under the maddening influence of the bottle and the wine-cellar of the establishment; the great agent that ensures the success of the house, is 300 feet long, and filled with the choicest wines and liquors in the world; it contains 300,000 bottles, and innumerable casks. The proprietor's cook, a celebrated Monsieur —— (I forget

his name) has a salary of a thousand guineas per annum, and spreads an entertainment as magnificent as the heart of the most fastidious epicure could desire; and all this is at the service of the flushed young nobleman.

"At last the tables are turned, and he begins to lose. But it is only the fortune of the game. No man can expect to have all the luck on his side, and the play goes on. His ready money is gone; what shall he do? It will not answer for him to be embarrassed now; he has made a sensation in the circles of fashion and rank; it must not be whispered at Almack's that young Lord —— can no longer keep up his elegant establishment: but he has no money. This matters not, since the bank of the establishment, which is always full, will advance him all the money for which they have ascertained him 'to be good.'

"He is now ready for a deeper and more exciting game, with the belief that his luck will turn, and he feels that he must win back

his money, or fall from his elevation in disgrace. In this state of mind, he is introduced to a private room, where the French hazard table stands, and here the work of plunder and robbery is prosecuted on a grand scale. The stakes are usually high: the first he wins; and then, persuaded that the tide of fortune has at last turned in his favour, he resolves to seize the favoured hour to repair his broken fortune. The next stake is higher, and this he also wins. Delicious wines sparkle on the table afresh, and the game once more goes on: an immense stake is laid, exceeding the aggregate of all that had gone before; the throw is made,—he loses it.

"He now feels that unless he can recover himself by one fortunate throw, he is a ruined man; and, in the madness of desperation, he resolves to make, or mar his fortune for ever; he stakes *his all*; the next cast of the dice makes the young nobleman a beggar. He gives his securities, signs the papers, and is

seen no more. He embarks for the Continent, where he lives an exile from his paternal estates until their income discharges the obligation. After the best part of his days has been spent in atoning for his folly, he returns to his home, but generally a broken down and ruined man. For fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, he has been a stranger to his native land; when he at length comes back, but few of his early friends are living; and those few remember little more than his name. As he drives up to his door, the old porter comes out to meet his long-exiled master, and blesses God for his return. Once more his ancestral halls are lighted up, and his servants collected around him; but none of them all, except the old housekeeper and the gray-headed porter, have ever seen him before. A few early friends may gather about him, and he may improve his grounds and adorn his house; but the remainder of his days are covered with gloom.

"You may call this a melancholy picture,

and think it scarcely credible; but let me relate to you a few facts in illustration of what I have said. Not many years ago, Lord —— paid down, on his coming of age, for debts of honour contracted at the gaming-table before he was twenty-one years old, the enormous sum of £100,000; and at about the same time, Lord ——, the grandson of an aged and venerable earl, lost £30,000 in one night. It is well known that a noble Lord has at different times won more than a million and a half sterling, and spent the greater part of it in dissipation. If a gentleman whose estate is sufficiently large offers to play for a stake of £100,000 at this establishment, he is instantly accepted.

"There is a moral certainty that every man who frequents this establishment will come off a beggar at last, unless he is a participator in the gains of the house; and when his money and his estate are gone, he is no longer wanted there, and is generally turned away with but little ceremony. Still, there are

several regular gamblers at this fashionable gaming-house who are not worth a farthing, their presence being indispensable to the success of the 'concern.' They are the proprietor's *creatures*. They are not mere hangers-on, but active and efficient agents for their base-born master. They are constantly on the alert to catch every fortune which goes up to London.

"Ah! that gaming-house is a terrible place. I have often been there to gratify my friends, and am perfectly familiar with the whole establishment, but I never could be prevailed upon to play. I promised my father, when he was dying, that I would do these things—that I would maintain the honour of his house, preserve his family estates unimpaired, and never gamble; and I have held my pledge sacred. But many of my friends have been ruined there.

"A twelve-month ago a young friend of mine, the Marquis of——, came to me about 12 o'clock at night, in the saloon of the

——— Club, and asked me for £1000. I knew he wanted it for play, but I had great confidence in his judgment and self-control; it was an inconsiderable sum, and I gave him a draft for the amount. He came out of the hazard-room in two or three hours with £23,000. The next evening he staked and lost it all. He came to me at half-past one o'clock that night, and asked me for £5000: he was a friend, and I could not refuse him. I gave it to him, and in half an hour he had not only lost every guinea of it, but impoverished his family for ten years. You may imagine the feelings of his beautiful wife, when, on returning home from Almack's the same morning, she found at her door a man waiting to take her carriage to Tattersal's, to be sold to pay his debts of honour. Anticipating the result, I had gone with my friend to his house, on his leaving the gaming-table. We were sitting in the drawing-room when his wife entered. He was almost raving with madness. She was exceedingly alarmed when she per-

ceived the change in her husband, and came to him, took his hand, and asked him what troubled him. 'You are a beggar, Mary,' he screamed out in despair, and fell senseless on the floor. After he was restored, she came and sat down by my side on the sofa, and prayed me to tell her all. It was a painful task, I assure you. I shall never forget the scene which followed. It was a more affecting sight to see the agony of this beautiful woman, than it would have been to see her die a thousand times. I satisfied his creditors at Crockford's for £33,000; and this saved the furniture, her horses and carriage, and their house in the country. She left London with a broken heart, and is now living a retired and miserable life.

"One would suppose that this would have extinguished the young marquis's passion for play for ever; but it had the contrary effect. It became more wild and uncontrollable than before. He came to me, and begged me to lend him money again and again. Of course I re-

fused him, and accordingly received his abuse. He went through the whole circle of his friends, and teased them all for money. Many of them gratified him; but he lost as fast as he borrowed, until he could borrow no more; and before the season was over he was expelled from this famed gaming-house and several other similar establishments in town, and was seen in the lowest and vilest holes in London, gambling with every ill-bred fellow who would accept his stake for a shilling! I believe he has not seen his wife since they parted. She is ruined as well as himself. I saw her a few days ago, and tried to restore her former spirits; but I found it a hopeless task. The bloom and joy have all fled from her face, and she looks as though twenty years had been added to her life—pale, haggard, and desponding. She cannot live six months. It is awful to see such a brilliant pair, whose prospects one year ago were so fair for a long, happy and honourable life, crushed by such a blow. It is terrible!

"There are *many, very many,* who seek refuge from remorse, brought on by gambling, in deep debauchery; some in villany, and some in self-destruction. Their families are sometimes brought to pinching want, or condemned to live the rest of their days in comparative suffering and obscurity. More splendid fortunes are lost at this fashionable resort than at any other place. And yet its proprietor was once a petty tradesman, as ignorant as he was low. He was in the habit of frequenting vile places and betting a few shillings. He learned by private information that a certain horse at the races was to win, and he made a large bet, and gained it. Then he purchased a small share in a gambling bank; afterwards he engaged in a larger establishment, which cleared in one season £200,000. Loaded dice, and other means of foul play, afterwards found in that place by the magistrates, accounted for this success. By cunning, villany, and perseverance, he has won his way to his present wealth and notoriety.

He is still an exceedingly illiterate fellow, and speaks in the style of a hackney-coachman. He is supreme lord among the crowds of noblemen who flock to his club-house; and what can be so humiliating as to think that a base-born scoundrel like him should make slaves of the ancient nobility of the land? There is much force and truth in what Bulwer says of our nobility. 'They are more remarkable,' he says, 'for an extravagant recklessness of money; for an impatient ardour for frivolities; for a headlong passion for the caprices, the debaucheries, the absurdities of the day, than for any of those prudent and considerate virtues which are the offspring of common sense. How few of their estates are not deeply mortgaged! The Jews and the merchants, (and he might have added the gamblers) 'have their grasp upon more than three parts of the property of the peerage.'

"The splendid gaming-houses, and similar places in the metropolis, of which, great and small, their name is legion, are usually de-

signated by the appropriate title of 'Hells': a better name could not be found. Not a night passes that these dens of iniquity and dissipation are not crowded, from the most fashionable, where the mad crew play to the tune of £100,000, and where they go with carriage and livery, to the vile and filthy 'hells' in the poorest parts of the metropolis, where you see squalid, ragged, shirtless wretches, who have begged or stolen one more shilling to stake and lose, and then be kicked out of a 'hell', in London, into the hell of the eternal world.

"The passion for gambling is the worst passion that can possibly enter the human heart. I hardly ever knew a man who had once yielded to it, to break away from the strong temptation. It seems to seize upon him with the grasp of death. The victim of it is beyond the reach of counsel. It is vain to address his judgment, his hopes, or his fears. He may be a kind-hearted man by nature, but it does no good to talk to him about his wife and children: he loves them, perhaps, although

this infernal passion generally annihilates the social affections; but he would take the last crust from his child's mouth, and cast him upon the unpitying world, sooner than give up the gratification of this hellish passion. Why! it is stated, and probably with truth, that the late aid-de-camp of Lord ——— after having ruined himself by play, cut his throat in a fit of despair. It happened, however, that his life was saved; and after some weeks he recovered. The first place he went to, after he was allowed by his surgeon to go out, was the very gaming house where he had lost his money, and formed the desperate purpose of destroying himself! It is considered that the amount of money which is lost in the different gaming-houses of London cannot be less than £8,000,000 a year. I have no doubt myself that the sum is much greater. This degrading and horrible passion is not confined to our sex. It prevails to an enormous extent among *fashionable ladies*! Many

a husband has been embarrassed most deeply by the card-playing of his wife.

"If you can conceive it possible, gaming becomes in woman a more absorbing and debasing passion than among men. I have known many very painful instances of conjugal infidelity and domestic quarrels were occasioned directly by this vice. Ladies are blamed more severely, I know, for such practices; but how can men expect anything better of their wives when they indulge in the same practices themselves? If there be a passion which turns the heart to ashes, and ruins both body and soul in a more rapid and fearful manner than any other, it is the passion for gaming; as it opens the way to every other vice.

"You will not suppose, from what I have said, that this disgraceful passion infects the whole body of the nobility. Very many of them are among the purest and best men in the world. In virtue, in domestic fidelity and love, in accomplishments of mind and person,

many of the British nobility are not surpassed. But still, all the statements I have made to you in regard to the vices of some of them, are not the less true; and I have not told you the half."

In the midst of our conversation, a dense cloud of black smoke in the distance announced that we were in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, which Burke appropriately called "the great toyshop of Europe." Here we stopped nearly an hour. We were charged at the refreshment-rooms, for a cold slice of beef and a single buttered roll, half a crown, which reminded me that Englishmen are not always the immaculate creatures some would have us suppose. There must have been between 250 and 300 persons in the hall. Lord —— requested the company to listen for one moment: "Gentlemen," said he, "I find that we are most rudely insulted at this house, in being called upon to pay half a crown for a cold slice and a roll. For one, I will not do it. Not because I am unwilling to pay any reasonable

charge, but because it is both unjust and abusive. Besides, I do not wish my companion, who is an American, nor any other stranger who may be present, to suppose that we do not know when we are well treated, or that we will submit to an insult like this from our own countrymen. I propose that we pay the usual charge for such an entertainment, and leave our good will for the house; or else pay the bill this fellow presents, and let the house suffer the consequences. Injustice is never to be borne by free Englishmen."

The name of the speaker was passed from mouth to mouth down the hall, and the whole company received the speech with loud and tumultuous applause. In the midst of the uproar, the proprietor of the house made his appearance, to offer an apology.

"Gentlemen and ladies, indeed, I am quite mortified that my servant should have so far forgotten his instructions as to present such a bill. It is too much; indeed, it is *much too high*. And, since you have been so grossly

injured, I will dismiss my waiter, and let you pay what you think proper, begging you most humbly to accept this apology, and pardon the mistake; for *it is a mistake,* gentlemen and ladies."

"We accept the apology, sir," answered Lord ——, "and in the most delicate manner insinuate that it would be well for you to see that your guests are not insulted in any such way again; or you may find that it is an unprofitable speculation."

The mortified proprietor bowed himself out of the room after the manner at court, taking care to run his back against the door in his passage out in no very graceful style; after which, the whole *posse* of waiters, by their boisterous language addressed to each other, but intended for the company, gave us to understand that they had charged no more than they had been instructed to charge.

I observe there is a great convenience here in being able to charge upon servants the abuses practised by their masters; they are

the indispensable scape-goats for the sins of every establishment. It reminds one of paragraphs so often seen in the newspaper, in which the poor "printer's devil" receives the credit of every literary blunder which the editor, from want of brains, or some other cause, happens to make.

I have been very much astonished to find the system of petty shaving so extensively carried on in England. I had supposed that, in this respect, America was pre-eminent; for it has passed into a proverb, that in the United States a man can be shaved for nothing. But I think, unless we sharpen our wits, John Bull will bear off the palm. I do not now refer to the contemptible custom which every where prevails in England, of *compelling* you (as an Irishman would say) to give *voluntarily* a piece of money to every lazy drone who succeeds, by dint of impudence and obsequiousness, in stopping up your way, and who presents his bill of charges with an air of servility which would degrade a Turkish slave. For all travel-

lers who have been in England, know that the moment a guest is leaving the house, a crowd of creatures flock around him, greater in number, perhaps, than he has at any time seen in the establishment, each with his charge; and the aggregate of which amounts to as much or more than his bill at the bar. Their charges! and for what? First of all comes "Boots" with his demand; he wishes to be "remembered." You wear laced cloth boots, which stand in no particular need of any assistance from the knight of the brush. But "Boots" "really hopes the gentleman will remember him." Next comes the "porter, sir, please." His claim is based upon carrying your luggage, a small carpet-bag which you took in your hand. Next, "waiter, sir, please." You look at the gentleman somewhat dubiously, and he "hopes you will remember him." And last but not *least* (an English chambermaid is no inconsiderable personage), appears the irresistible grace of the upper story, and her claim you certainly cannot dispute, for she appeals to

your gallantry at once; I do not refer to this all-prevailing system of insult and abuse. You submit to these ancient (and, of course, venerable) customs of England, as you do to the constant drizzling of its climate, although you know that these beggars are importuning for their masters, who, in most instances, either directly or indirectly, pocket the money you give them. It is an ingenious way of filching from the traveller more than even an English landlord has the face to ask for his frequently wretched accommodations.

But I only speak of this incidentally. I allude to the extravagant charges for everything one buys or gets done, without a previous bargain; and to the custom, which is so common, of imposing upon strangers and foreigners, expenses, which even an Englishman will not submit to, baptized as he is into abuses and taxation from his baptismal font to his taxed sepulchre. I will not complain, however; for the pleasure of visiting this beautiful land, of walking over the ground on which have fallen

the footsteps of the illustrious of past ages, will more than compensate for the inconveniences of the journey. But I *will* say that such annoyances render the visit of a stranger not the more agreeable.

After lunch we had time for a walk of a mile or two through the town. "This must be an odious place to live in, my lord."

"Pardon me. Will you say *sir?* It is very pleasant, when we meet with Americans, all of whom are heirs apparent to the throne, to lay aside our titles: will you say *sir?*"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Ah! that's it—thank you: you are very kind. Yes, this Birmingham is really a dreadful place. One breathes nothing here but coal smoke: it's almost enough to make one a native of Newcastle to live in Birmingham. And then you can hear nothing, from the beginning to the ending of the year, but the infernal rumbling of machinery. But I am wrong; for I am told that Birmingham has the largest organ in the world, except the

great organ at Harlaem. Many of the most splendid articles of plate in the kingdom are made here. But I conclude it is the residence of few except those who are drawn together for purposes of business."

I inquired what were the principal articles of manufacture in the town. "I have in my pocket," he answered, "a paper which contains an enumeration by Mr. Stevenson of the more important, as well as some of the curious, minute, and almost endless variety of articles made at Birmingham. Here they are:

"'Files, guns, pocket-books, gilt toys and jewelry, watch chains and keys, gunlock filer, plated goods, fire-irons, awl-blades, brass-founder, saw and edge-tools, lock and latch maker, swords, bits, buttons, snuffers, bone and ivory toys, cut sprigs, die-sinker, carriage lamps, harness plater, steel chains, cast nails, thimbles, braces, cabinet cases, inkstands, ferrules, compasses, ivory combs, gun polisher, spectacles, steel toys, pearl buttons, stamper

and piercer, stirrups, packing boxes, japan wares, planes, sword-hilts, casting pots, spring latchets, gold-hand manufacturer, paper toys, chaser, saddlers' brass-founder, round bolt and chafing-dish maker, scalebeam, steel-yard, and screw-plate maker, bridle cutter, brass nails and curtain-rings, needles, vice maker, clock-dial painter, curry-combs, rule maker, link buttons, wire-drawer, scabbards, iron spoons, spade-tree maker, fork maker, looking-glass, toy and army button maker, paper-box turner, mouse traps, sand-paper, gunstocker, parchment maker, last and boot-tree maker, glass grinders, anvils braziers' tools, gun furniture filer, pendant maker, ring turner, bellows, gun finisher, saddle-tree maker, hammers, carpenters' and shoemakers' tools, brass-cock founder, hand-whip mounter, pearl and hair worker, coach-harness forger, button-shank maker, patten-ties, gimlets, tea-urns, metals and coins, copying machines, pneumatic apparatus, ramrod and chain maker, gun-case maker, smiths' bellows'-pipe maker, coffin nails, curtain-rings, glass beads, engine cutter,

scalebeams, wood-screw maker, bright engraver, putty maker, and enamel box maker, horse, dog, and negro collar fetter, and dog-lock maker, pencil-case maker, glass stainer, paper stainer, bone-mould turner, tortoise-shell-box and toothpick-case maker, warming pans, fishing tackle, cruet frames, picture frames, bayonets, malt-mills, hinges, leather and horn powder flasks, corkscrews, gun flints, steel keys and combs, glass buttons, bed and coach screw maker, umbrella-furniture maker, paper-mould maker, button solderer, paper spectacle-case maker, tin nail and rivet maker, burnisher of toys, shagreen and morocco case maker, seal manufacturer, horn spoons and buttons, line maker, ladies' slippers, stirrup maker, curb maker, spur and rowel maker, powder flasks, sticks and rods for angling, sleeve buttons, clock hands, brass mouldings, augers, cock-heel maker, candle moulds, tea-pots, case-plate maker, filigree-worker, coach-spring manufacturer, watch key and glass maker, patten rings, thong maker, varnish maker, dog and cart chain maker, printing

presses, pins, buckle chaser, jacks, military feathers, barometers, morocco decanters and cruet stands, packing needles, horn lanterns, buckle-ring forger, toy-watch maker, glass eyes for dolls, mortise and rim locksmith, button-card cutter, iron-drawer, gridiron and round bolt maker, spades, dials, gilt ring maker, steel box, spectacle-case, and gun-charger maker, pocket-lock maker, lamp manufacturer, lead toys, stock sinker, glass-house-mould maker, casting-mould maker, snuff boxes, &c., &c., &c., &c.'

"But this enumeration is far from complete. Perhaps, of all these articles fire-arms are the most important. It appears from our official returns, that from 1804 to 1818, about 5,000,000 of different kind of arms were furnished on account of government and of the private trade. The largest manufacture of steam engines in the world is carried on at Soho, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Birmingham. The population in 1831 was 147,000."

We soon retraced our steps, and were again on the road to London. The environs of Birmingham on the south and east are beautiful. We passed within a few miles of Coventry, where, in 1566, the unfortunate Queen of Scots was imprisoned by the jealous and haughty Elizabeth, who said that "no Catholic ought to live out half his days;" Kenilworth and its ruins, around which the genius of Scott has thrown such charms; Warwick Castle, the most perfect specimen of a feudal fortress in the kingdom. Several times we crossed the quiet Avon, which flows through green meadows and verdure-crowned hills. Those waters are more sacred to us than the classic fountains of Greece; and it was very painful to pass so near Stratford without seeing the grave of Shakspeare.

"We are very proud of the Great Poet," said Lord ——. "I have sometimes wished that Americans could boast of such a man." "Well, really, sir," I replied, "I think Americans have as much to do with Shakspeare

as any men in the world; we certainly read him as much as you do; and you must remember that Shakspeare wrote and died before our forefathers left this country. He played and wrote for our common ancestors, and together they worshipped his genius; and since the year 1620 they have read and worshipped him alike, only in different countries. Besides, if you will pardon me, I think an Irishman need not be very much troubled because Americans have no Shakspeare: pray tell me if the Saxon blood of Shakspeare flows very extensively through the veins of Erin?"

"That is one of your ingenious 'Yankee notions,' I will venture to say. But, upon my soul, sir, I must confess I never thought of the matter in that light before. You are right; he is just as much your Shakspeare as England's, and considerably more than Ireland's."

On our right, a few miles from the line, and about 55 from London, stands the church of Olney, where the good John Newton

preached; and a mile from it is still pointed out the quiet retreat of Cowper, and his affectionate friend, Mrs. Unwin; with the garden and the favourite seat of the poet in a rude bower. Poor Cowper! Thou art in a "brighter bower" now, where the dark clouds of gloom shall never gather around thy spirit again.

Ten miles from London we passed Harrow-on-the-Hill. Who has not heard of Harrow School? The church is a spacious structure, with a tower and lofty spire, and stands on one of the highest hills in Middlesex. This church is associated with what some men call a witty saying of Charles II, who closed a theological controversy by asserting that the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill must be the "Visible Church;" for it could be seen from the whole surrounding country.

Before we reached the end of our journey we passed under the grand tunnel, nearly a mile in length, which brought us to the environs of the metropolis. Here I parted from

my noble fellow-traveller, asking his permission to make our conversation public, if I should desire, suppressing all the names of parties concerned, where it was necessary. This permission was cheerfully given.

But I must bring this long letter to a close. I shall now write to you often, and describe men and things as I see them. I do not flatter myself that I shall be so fortunate as to avoid all those mistakes and errors of judgment into which travellers so commonly fall. But I shall be careful in stating my facts, and try to communicate to you faithfully the impressions which are made upon my own mind. It is my purpose to examine things for myself. I shall not forget the advice of an old English author to his son when he was going abroad: "Young man, when thou goest abroad, keep all thine ears and thine eyes open, and thy tongue between thy teeth" (this will be the most difficult part of the advice to follow): "adopt no conclusion hastily; for travellers and cicerones are often wrong. Depend on thine own ob-

servation; spy out abuses and oppressions of every name: be candid; be truthful; and when thou dost return, I charge thee before God, tell us an honest story."

I shall contemplate the society and institutions of England with the eye of a Republican. This I must do. Every American knows that in a country which presents such a striking contrast of princely wealth and abject poverty, of lordly power and cringing servility, as the traveller discovers in England, there must be *something radically wrong somewhere. Where* the wrong exists I will not pretend to determine, until my own observations shall satisfy me. There are many glorious things in England. It abounds in associations, which to us are greatly enriched by their connexion with our paternal history. In stepping upon its green shores, I felt like a wanderer returned to the home of his fathers.

Faithfully yours,

London, May —, 1841.

DEAR ——,

MY first acquaintance in the metropolis I formed under peculiar circumstances. This morning, before breakfast, as I was turning with rapidity a corner in the hall, I came in contact with a gentleman who was advancing as fast towards me, and the shock was so violent that it threw us both upon the floor. Our hats went in one direction, our canes in another, and our persons were displayed at full length upon the carpet, very much to the amusement of the chamber-maid, who had the impudence to laugh at our misfortune. When I had recovered my senses, so as to ascertain what had happened, I turned to the gentleman and remarked, that if he would have the goodness to wait till I had more leisurely taken my bearings,

I would make all proper apologies; but that just at present, I felt more inclined to look after myself, to know to what extent I had suffered by the concussion. "And I, sir," he replied, as he rose up, "should like the same privilege. I declare, sir, that shock was worthy a tournament ground. I'll exchange cards with you if you please, sir, and we may hope that our acquaintance may be prosecuted in a more agreeable manner."

I have many times since blessed the good fortune which brought us together. Nothing could have happened better. We gathered up our goods and chattels, which lay dispersed about the hall, and breakfasted in company. Before we rose from the table, each had told his story, and felt on terms of intimacy. "Now," said Captain Manners (this is not the real name), "you are anxious to see London, and I have nothing to do but show it to you. I believe I am familiar with almost every part of the metropolis; for I have passed the last ten years here, and I do not know that I was

ever tired of wandering round London. It is a glorious place: nothing would tempt me to live anywhere else. I can tell you a thousand things about it which I think you will not be able to find in books; and if you are a good walker, we will set out, and a walk of twenty or thirty miles will give you a general idea of this immense city."

We turned into Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street (which is all one great thoroughfare under different names), and stopped at Cruchley's shop, where we obtained his fine pocket-map, with which a stranger may pass through every part of London without asking his way. The crowd which is continually pouring, like a rushing torrent, through the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, can scarcely be conceived, until one mingles in it. We were in the midst of a dense mass of human beings, each of whom seemed to be bent upon his own business with so much earnestness as to have no care for the thousands who were drifting by,

and all hurrying on with that restless gait with which people walk in large cities; careless of the occupations, the joys, or the sorrows of all but themselves. Yes, I was in London, the largest city in the world, where there are nearly as many people crowded together into an arena of 14,000 square acres, as there are in the whole city and state of NewYork; a city whose foundations where laid as long ago as when Paul was preaching on Mars Hill: where the Romans, the Britons, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans have come, one after another, to erect their thrones and pass away. We stood on Waterloo Bridge, and looked down upon the Thames, which has rolled his current changelessly along, while hundreds of successive generations have come and gone upon its banks. It is a narrow, turbid stream; and when the tide, which rises very high, is down, the shores are intolerably filthy, composing a grand arena of mud, which makes one wish that the Ohio could once roll her waters through the channel of old Thames,

and show him how pure they would leave his banks. But some philosophers have said that utility is one element of beauty; and, if so, the Thames is certainly a beautiful stream; for London would do but poorly without this little river. The paddy remarked of his friend who lost his head in the rebellion, that although his head was of no great value to others, it was "a sore loss to himself." To an American, the Thames seems like a mere eel-creek; but it is, nevertheless, the life-blood of London. On the bosom of this river, rides no inconsiderable proportion of the commercial wealth of the world. It is spanned by six stately bridges, built of stone or iron. They are all grand structures, and present a fine view from the water, with the crowds which continually throng them. Their order, commencing at the west, is Vauxhall, which is of cast iron, with nine arches, each span being 78 feet, and completed in 1816, at a cost of about, £180,000. Westminster is built of stone, of five arches, 1223 feet in length, com-

pleted in 1750, and cost about £467,500. Waterloo is a grand structure of granite, with nine arches, 1242 feet in length, and was opened June 18th, 1817, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Blackfriars is built of stone, 1000 feet in length, has nine arches, and was completed in 1768, at an expense of about, £300,000. Southwark is a cast iron bridge of only three arches, and was finished in 1819. The middle arch is the largest in the world, being 240 feet; the side arches are 210. Many single castings of this bridge weigh ten tons each; and the whole weight of the iron is said to exceed 5308 tons. It is opposite Guildhall, the centre of the old city of London, and cost about £950,000. But the New London bridge is by far the most magnificent of all these noble works. A few years ago the Old London Bridge, which had borne the moving stream of mortals, beasts, and carriages upon its back for hundreds of years, gave place to this stupenduous structure. It is built of Scotch granite, and rests upon five

arches. It cost the enormous sum of about £1,850,000: nearly as much as the grand Erie Canal, which is 363 miles long. Although London Bridge forms the separation between the river and the sea navigation, and no vessel with standing masts can go above it, yet it is but little below the centre of the metropolis. It is supposed to be the most crowded thoroughfare in the world. More than one hundred and fifty thousand people, it is estimated, pass it daily. Its architecture is perfect, and it will stand until it is shaken down by some great convulsion, or decays by the lapse of ages.

As the Thames enters London, from the west, at Old Chelsea, it bends towards the north, and continues in this direction for about two miles; then it passes Whitehall, and turns away to the east, penetrating in that direction into the heart of the metropolis. It divides London into two parts, although by far the larger part lies on the north side. London is about 60 miles from the sea, occupying a

gentle slope on the north side of the river, with an almost uniformly flat surface on its southern side. Considered as the capital of the British empire, it includes not only the old city and its liberties, but Westminster, Southwark, aud many villages, both in Middlesex and Surrey. Its extent from east to west is about eight miles, and its breadth from north to south is nearly five. There are five grand popular divisions of London. THE WEST END, which consists of numerous handsome squares and streets, occupied by the town houses of the nobility and gentry, and the most fashionable shops. It is the great arena of wealth, folly, and splendid sin. The parks, gardens, squares, and streets of this part of the town, probably, exceed everything else of the kind throughout the world. THE CITY includes the central and most ancient division of the metropolis. It was once surrounded by a strong wall, which was defended by fifteen towers and bastions of Roman masonry. It is the emporium of commerce and of busi-

ness of every description, and is occupied by shops, warehouses, public offices, and the houses of tradesmen, and others connected with them. THE EAST END bears no greater resemblance to the West End than a desert to a green field. Its inhabitants are devoted to commerce, to ship-building, and to every collateral branch connected with merchandise. Some portions of it embrace a vast amount of extreme poverty and wretchedness.

SOUTHWARK, and the whole of the southern bank of the Thames, from Deptford to Lambeth, bears some resemblance to the East End of the town, being occupied principally by persons engaged in commercial affairs. In one respect, however, it differs from every other part of London: it abounds with numerous manufactories, such as iron-foundries, glass-houses, soap-boiling and dye-houses, shot and hat manufactories, and many other similar establishments. It is chiefly occupied by workmen and others of the lower classes. WESTMINSTER contains the palace, the Abbey

the parks, the Houses of Parliament, the courts of justice, and the various offices connected with government. The increase in the size and population of the British metropolis within a few years is truly amazing. It is no unusual event to meet in society persons who recollect those portions of what must now be called the metropolis, when they were nothing but fields and swamps. There are some parts of London which have grown as rapidly as our own cities at the West.

There are two grand arteries which run through the metropolis from east to west. The most southern of these, for the greater part of the way, is within a quarter of a mile of the Thames. It commences at St. James's Palace, in Pall Mall, and is continued through the Strand, Fleet-street, St. Paul's, Watling-street, Cannon-street, and Eastcheap, to the Tower. The northern line commences at Bayswater, and passes through Oxford-street, Holborn, Skinner-street, Newgate, Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall, and Whitechapel, to

Mile End, a distance of about seven miles; the entire course of which is more densely populated than any portion of New York. These great avenues run nearly parallel to each other, and in no part of London can a stranger be far distant from one or the other of them. At this time London is computed to contain upward of eighty squares, and 10,000 streets, lanes, rows, places, courts, &c., and the number of houses exceeds 200,000.

"You will not have been long in London," Captain Manners remarked, as we made an inquiry of one of the policemen, "without perceiving the immense advantages of the metropolitan police. It is probably the most efficient police in Europe. Property and life are as secure here, I suppose, as in any part of the world. I have walked thousands of miles at night through the streets and lanes of London, and yet I never was assaulted or treated in a rude manner but once, and then I called a policeman to my aid in less than a minute."

We have to-day taken a view of each great

section of London, from the scenes of unbounded opulence and fashion of the West End, to the poverty stricken and squalid abodes of Spitalfields. I have seen more magnificence and display than I ever wish to see in my own country, and more wretchedness than I ever supposed could exist in "merrie England." There is something very painful in the contemplation of a state of society so highly artificial. I love the spirit of American democracy better than ever. I love the interminable woods and prairies, which stretch away towards the shores of the Pacific, offering a home to the poor, oppressed, taxed, degraded lower classes of Great Britain. What motive, thought I, as to-day I passed through some of the dark lanes of Spitalfields, what motive have the ignorant and depressed multitudes who inhabit such abodes as these, for exertion? What hope have they that they will ever know what it is to own one foot of the earth, and call it their own home?

"Half their time," said my companion,

"they cannot find employment; and when they can, what do they get for their labour? Not enough to satisfy the simplest wants of nature! They and their wives and children may work hard all the time, and yet not be able to get a compensation for it sufficient to procure any of the means of social or moral elevation. In England, the poor must labour or starve. They must let their employers fix the price of their labour; and although some trades and employments yield good wages, yet the proportion of these to the whole is very small. I never was so much affected by the sufferings of the labouring classes in England until I returned from a residence of eighteen months in the United States; and I declare to you that there is more wretchedness and pinching poverty, more disgusting and heart-sickening degradation here, in a lane in Spitalfields, than I saw during the whole of my residence in the United States. The contrast between the working classes of this country and yours struck me very forcibly when I

landed in America; and more so, if possible, when I returned. I do not pretend to meddle much with politics; but I have not yet been able to rid myself of the painful conviction, that misrule has produced very much of this suffering and vice. For it is universally acknowledged, I think, that England can maintain even a much larger population than she now does, if she will remove the heavy burdens which the Government and aristocracy have imposed upon the people. But when they will do this no one can tell."

I feel to-night as I have sometimes felt after awaking from a feverish dream, in which an ideal world of Oriental magnificence and of abject suffering had floated before my fancy, in one bewildering spectacle. But good-night.

Faithfully yours,

London, June, 1840.

DEAR ——,

"WELL," observed Captain Manners, as we sat at the breakfast-table this morning, "what will you see to-day?" Westminster Abbey, I replied. "Capital," rejoined the captain: "I've been to the old Abbey perhaps a thousand and one times; but you could not have named a place I should like so well to visit this morning. It is a fine old pile, and many a glorious legend is told about it, too; which may or may not be true: but I always liked a time-honoured fiction better than a dry modern fact."

We walked along through Westminster, and it brought a new joy over my heart when I saw the gray towers of the old Abbey rising above the stately elms of St. James's Park. The sight of the Abbey in the distance, with

its deep-stained windows, its pointed turrets and pinnacles, and the thoughts they awaken, is worth a voyage to Europe. Sometimes, you know, the happiness of a life-time seems crowded into the short space of a few moments; a sudden thrill of delight goes through the heart, which will not be forgotten in long years. "I see," said my companion, "the flush of excitement on your face," as we stopped to catch a glimpse of the western towers through the trees. "I wish from my heart I was now, like you, approaching the Abbey for the first time. If you will excuse a little romance, I think there is a striking analogy between the love we feel for the Abbey and for a friend: it loses its freshness when the spring season is gone; but I have never become so familiar with this ancient pile as not to feel when I come here as I feel nowhere else. I must tell you a word about its history.

"The Abbey is said to have been founded by Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain, as a burial-place for himself and his race. During

the persecution of the Emperor Dioclesian, it was converted into a temple to Apollo, and the heathen worship of Rome set up. But Sebert, king of the East Saxons, demolished it; declaring, as he threw down its walls, that he would not leave one stone upon another of a temple where heathen gods had been worshipped; and in its place erected a church to the honour of God and St. Peter. St. Augustine had baptized Sebert and his beautiful Queen Ethelgoda, and consecrated Mellitus (a Roman abbot sent to Britain by Pope Gregory) Bishop of London. Sebert had freely expended his treasures upon the Abbey, and, for those times, raised a gorgeous structure.

"The night preceding the day appointed for its consecration had thrown its shadows over the city, and its inhabitants were still in profound sleep, all save a fisherman, who was just preparing to cast his net into the Thames, which flows within a stone's throw of the Abbey walls. As he was loosing his boat from the shore, some one called to him from the

opposite side of the river to be ferried across. The fisherman afterwards remarked that there was something very peculiar in his voice, or he could not say that he should have left his net. But he obeyed the summons. He did not know who the stranger was, but there was something celestial in his appearance; and the light of his countenance cast a bright sheen upon the flowing water. When the boat touched the western bank the stranger passed up to the Abbey, and the moment he reached it, the doors opened of their own accord, and a bright light illumined every part of the building. A company of angels descended from heaven, and flocked around the portal. Music from seraphs' harps floated on the midnight air, and odours more delicious than ever perfumed the earth before. The honest fisherman gazed on the pageant with awe and admiration. Ever and anon, as some sweet strain broke forth from the church, and swelled up to heaven, it was answered by louder and richer strains. The radiance became brighter, and

the anthems so glorious that it seemed like the palace of an arch-angel welcoming the redeemed home to heaven! As the day light broke in the east the next morning, the lights faded, the music slowly died away, and the stranger who had crossed the river in the fisherman's boat was seen ascending to heaven, with the angels at his side.

"Strange reports of what he had seen were circulated by the fisherman through London, and at the time appointed for the consecration, the white-robed Mellitus, with his ghostly brethren, led the expectant multitude to the church.

"No sooner had the bishop thrown open the doors than they saw enough to confirm the truth of everything the honest fisherman had said. Frankincense still lingered in the air; twelve splendid tapers were still burning upon as many golden crosses before the altar; the walls were anointed in twelve places with holy oil; and the name of the Trinity in Hebrew was inscribed upon the pavement. 'Can it

be?' 'Yes,' exclaimed the good bishop; 'Heaven has accepted the offering; God has blessed us; and St. Peter has been here with his attendant angels to consecrate our temple.'

"Till the time of Edward the Confessor, the first Abbey remained exposed to the sacrilegious fury of the times. At last it fell to decay, and that monarch rebuilt it upon a singular occasion. He had made a vow to the Blessed Virgin during his exile, that if he should ever be restored to the kingdom of his forefathers, he would go on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Peter; and being once more firmly seated on his throne, he bethought himself of his vow, and prepared to set out on his pilgrimage. But his subjects gathered round his palace, and besought him not to leave them. They addressed a petition to his Holiness the Pope, who granted him a dispensation from his vow, on the condition that he should rebuild Westminster Abbey. The offer was joyfully accepted, and the monarch devoted a full tithe of all his possessions to the pious work.

Shortly the Abbey rose from its ruins for the third time, and more beautiful than ever.

"The king was buried in one of the chapels of the Abbey, and his shrine is still to be seen. In the revolutionary days of England, the shrine itself was plundered, but his body has been suffered to rest in peace there to this day. The Abbey is a vast repository of tombs, in which the progress of sculpture can be followed for nearly a thousand years. You can here see traces of the rude Saxon chisel in the early ages, when poetry, just struggling into existence, sought to perpetuate the deeds of the pious upon the enduring marble; and the Gothic architecture in all its stages, from its first efforts, to the perfection of florid beauty in the times of Elizabeth. For several centuries none but kings, saints, and the founders of churches were thought worthy to be interred in the house of God. Nobles and chieftains were satisfied if they could but sleep beneath the *shadow* of this temple; while the common people did not expect anything better than an

interment in unconsecrated ground. In the course of time, the noble and the learned had the privilege of burial in the Abbey gradually extended to them; but it was considered a mark of the highest distinction to be permitted to rest in so holy a place.

"During the stormy days of Cromwell, few monuments were anywhere erected. It was an age of destruction, and the gray forms of oppression and power fell before the advance of the people. Instead of erecting new monuments, old tombs where slept the illustrious dead were defaced, and shrines were plundered of their ornaments and treasures. After the restoration of the Stuarts, (which was a darker day for the liberties of England than any she had seen under Cromwell) the triumph of wealth and dissoluteness began. The age of simplicity, of stern and bold primitive character, was past. The English people were yet too barbarous to enter fully into the wise policy of Cromwell: he achieved their liberty at a great price, but they were not yet prepared to receive

and preserve it, or they never would have let Charles II. ascend the throne.

" Wealth now became a passport to distinction during life, and the opulent, who had never rendered any service to humanity which would cause their names to be remembered, were determined that the marble, at least, should perpetuate their fame. But it seems to be an unalterable law of Providence, that no man shall long be remembered with reverence by a race whom he has never benefited; and it is well that it is so. This world is not disposed to honour those men long who have not rendered it some signal service.

" At the period of which I speak, almost every church began to be lined with tablets and crowded with monuments. You can hardly enter an old English church that does not abound in tombs and shrines. The Abbey walls were soon covered with tablets and inscriptions, and it became the first object in life, and the last hope in death, that the name should live in marble after the body had returned

to dust. We shall pass carelessly by the great mass of inscriptions; but there are names here which we must read—names which will be known and honoured when the walls of old Westminster have gone to decay. I shall never be tired of wandering around such old temples; and I love to associate with them all the stories tradition has handed down to us from other times."

I could not have found a more agreeable companion than Captain Manners. "He is not," in the fine language of Dickens, "one of those rough spirits who would strip fair Truth of every little shadowy vestment in which time and teeming fancies love to array her; and some of which become her pleasantly enough, serving, like the waters of her well, to add new graces to the charms they half conceal and half suggest, and to awaken interest and pursuit rather than languor and indifference; unlike this stern and obdurate class, he loved to see the goddess crowned with those garlands of wild flowers which tradition

weaves for her gentle wearing, and which are often freshest in their homeliest shapes. He trod with a light step, and bore with a light hand upon the dust of centuries; unwilling to demolish any of the airy shrines that had been raised above it, if one good feeling or affection of the human heart were hiding thereabout. Thus, in the case of an ancient coffin of rough stone, supposed for many generations to contain the bones of a certain baron, who, after having committed ravages in foreign lands came back with a penitent and sorrowing heart to die at home; though this had been disproved by learned antiquaries, as the baron in question (so they contended) had died hard in battle, gnashing his teeth and cursing with his latest breath: he stoutly maintained that the old tale was the true one; that the baron had repented him of the evil; had done great charities, and had meekly given up the ghost; and that, if baron ever went to heaven, that that baron was then at peace. In like manner, when the aforesaid

antiquaries did argue and contend that a certain secret vault was not the tomb of a gray-haired lady who had been hanged, and drawn, and quartered by glorious Queen Bess, for succouring a wretched priest who had fainted from thirst and hunger at her door; *he* did solemnly maintain against all doubters, that the church *was* hallowed by the said poor lady's ashes; that her remains had been collected in the night from four of the city's gates, and thither had been brought in secret, and there deposited; and he did farther (when highly excited on such themes) deny the glory of Queen Bess, and assert the immeasurably greater glory of the meanest woman in the realm, who had a merciful and a tender heart."

I love to wander with such a companion round the old structures of England; listening to the wild legends he tells, and yielding the heart up to the control of associations that are linked with all the remembrances of childhood, and all that is interesting in history.

We entered the Abbey through the southern

transept, denominated the "Poets' Corner;" my companion, with a delicacy which none but a cultivated mind ever displays, strolled off with the old verger to a distant part of the Abbey, saying, "I will do by you as I should like to be done by." Who has not sometimes felt it a luxury to be alone?

I think the eye of any man, in whose veins the Anglo-Saxon blood flows, and who learned to speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue when he was a child, will first of all, as he enters the "Poets' Corner," seek the monument of SHAKSPEARE. And when he sees the tablet of the great poet, and stands where *he* so often stood, he will feel that it is a crisis in his life. Pope, who was one of the committee to whom Britain gave the charge of erecting this monument, when he was asked to write an inscription, observed, "No! I cannot write it. Let us have some of his own lines. No other man's genius is worthy to record his fame. Let us say nothing: we cannot praise Shakspeare!" With great taste and judgment, they

engraved upon an open scroll which forms part of the tablet, these celebrated lines:

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

This is not only sublime, but true. There is an hour coming when every temple on earth shall be shaken to its foundations, and the walls of Westminster shall feel the universal shock.

What can a monument do for Shakspeare? It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the age which produces such a man never knows fully *what* it has produced. His own generation cannot do him justice. While he is walking in the flesh among his fellows, they little know of the sacredness of such a gift from Heaven. When after generations have read his words, each leaving a tribute of more exalted admiration for his genius, and entering with a warmer feeling into his spirit, leaving in

every book they write, and on every monument they raise to his memory, one more tribute of devotion—*then* it is that the world begins to know what kind of a being the great man was. This reminds us of a custom among the simple, but proud American Indians: they come, one after another, on pilgrimages from the far West, whither our injustice has driven them, each to cast a stone upon the spot where tradition says a great sachem of their tribe lies buried; and in time the monument becomes a mountain.

Did Sir Thomas Lucy send Shakspeare to the treadmill? This Lucy's fame will be imperishable, from being associated with that of the youthful Deer Stealer at Stratford. How has it been with great souls in all ages? Dante was sent from his country into banishment: his home, house, and gardens were sold by the government. It is said, too, that there is still to be seen, in the archives of Florence, a record which doomed Dante, wheresoever he might be taken, to be burned alive!

Did not blind old Homer beg his bread, and sing for a crust at the gates of half a score of cities, which afterwards fought for the honour of having given him birth? No home for Homer and Dante in this world! But this is easy to be understood. They had not fallen far enough from the empyrean of God's first creation, to converse with the herd of mortals. They were too great to be understood—therefore, they made poor companions for the rest of the world. Dante (so say Florentine books) once spent an evening in the brilliant halls of Della Scala, where buffoons were playing their monkey tricks for the amusement of courtiers. The brainless Della Scala, addressing himself to Dante, exclaimed, "How is it that these fools can do so much to amuse the court, while you, a wise man, can do nothing of the sort; this is all very strange." 'No," said the indignant Dante, "it is not strange, if you think of the old proverb, *like to like.*"

It is one of the mysterious, but wise, arrangements of Heaven, that such great mind

must battle with storms, like the mountain oak, of which naturalists tell us that while the branches are striving with the winds, the roots are striking deeper into the earth.

The world is sure to do justice at last to every man. If the mass of mankind are forgotten, it is because they have no claim to be remembered; and if the ambitious, the selfish, the cruel, are feared and courted by the men of their own times, posterity will reverse the decision.

It might not have been safe to call Nero a bloody monster while he was Emperor of Rome; but it has been safe to do so for 1700 years. Men spoke charily of the Virgin Queen while she wore the crown; but since her death, the world has not been afraid to say that "she was a vain, selfish, jealous, proud tyrant." Nor does it follow that a man has forfeited all claim to our regard because he has been gibbeted. How gloriously have the names of Sidney, Vane, Raleigh, Mary Stuart, and a thousand others, come forth from the eclipse

which the dishonour of execution for a long time cast over their memories. Of Mary and her oppressor, Washington Irving says, "The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival."

Shakspeare was honoured by his own age, but not as he has been honoured since. It seems to be the opinion of mankind in this generation, that Shakspeare was endowed with the greatest intellect that ever appeared in the world; and the man who questions this fifty years hence, will probably excite the pity of his race. There was one who knew the Swan of Avon well; who often heard him rehearse his own plays upon the stage; listened to his full musical laugh; saw him buried in Stratford, and wept at his grave—"Rare Ben Jonson." *He knew what Shakspeare was*; appreciated his power; revered his name; and spoke of him as Johnson, Goethe, Carlyle, and others have spoken of him since. Ben Jonson never wrote words for which his genius and his heart deserve more praise than when he wrote his well-known lines:

"To the Memory of my Beloved Mr. William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us.

" To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.

Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

Triumph, my Britain; thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe,
He was not of an age, but for all time.

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear—

But stay! I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of Poets."

It has been said that Jonson was envious of the fame of Shakspeare while living; but after death had thrown its sacredness over his memory, he wrote these touching lines; which he could scarcely have written had he not loved the man. Ben Jonson's mother married a bricklayer, who took Ben from Westminster

school to assist him in his labours; and the story is told, that at the building of Lincoln's Inn, he worked with his trowel in one hand and Horace in the other. The generous Sir Walter Raleigh, thinking Jonson would do quite as much service to the world in some other occupation, took him from brick and mortar, and sent him to the Continent with his son.

And there is the monument of the great Milton, who died *poor*, leaving three daughters unprovided for, to the charities of Englishmen to whom he bequeathed a legacy worth more to them than all their foreign possessions. But rest thee peacefully, Milton! Thou art above the need of mortal pity now; for although the Paternoster-Row publishers have grown rich from thy "Paradise Lost," they cannot rob thee of thy "Paradise Regained;" nor can they buy it of thee for £5, paid in three instalments.

Under Milton's memorial is an elegant monument, lately erected to the memory of Gray, who has made every scholar weep as much for what he did not write, as over what he did.

The Lyric Muse, in alt-relief, is holding a medallion of the poet, and, at the same time pointing the finger to the bust of Milton, which is directly over it, with this inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Here is Dryden's plain, majestic monument. Sheffield showed much taste in the inscription: "J. Dryden, born 1632, died May 1st, 1700. John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, erected this monument, 1720." Nothing more was necessary. Here, too, are Cowley's monument and grave. "The chaplet of laurel observes an English writer, which begirts his urn, and the fire issuing from its mouth, are expressive emblems of the glory he has acquired by the spirit of his writings."

There sleeps Chaucer, the "Father of English poetry," who died 440 years ago. His was once a beautiful Gothic monument, but

time has hardly spared the inscription. Near it is the tomb of Butler, the learned author of Hudibras, another of the great writers of England so neglected by his age that he often suffered severely from hunger. "The English are a wonderful people," remarks a certain English author. Yes, they are a *very* wonderful people. They have erected palaces of gold for their oppressors, and left their illustrious authors to starve! This is, indeed, wonderful! John Barber once Lord mayor of London, a man distinguished for humanity, erected Butler's tombstone, "*That he who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead.*" Here we have the glory and the shame of England, side by side.

Beneath Butler's monument is the dust of Spenser. The inscription is striking and appropriate. "Here lies (expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other

witness than the works which he has left behind him. He was born in London in 1553, and died in 1598." Not far from Spenser is the grave of one of those choice spirits that from time to time come to us on earth, and over whose ashes the tears of all good men fall—Granville Sharp. His record is in the hearts of all who love humanity.

On turning back to Shakspeare's tablet, I saw near it the monument of the author of the "Seasons," "James Thomson, Ætatis 48, obiit. 27th August, 1748. Tutored by thee, sweet poetry exalts her voice to ages, and informs the page with music, image, sentiment, and thought, never to die." The figure of Thomson leans its left arm upon a pedestal, holding a book in one hand and a cap of Liberty in the other.

On John Gay's monument is an epitaph written by himself, which is no less shocking to good taste than to religion:

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it:
> I thought so once, and I now know it."

There are the ashes of one of those brilliant stars which have risen in Ireland, to shed honour upon the *English* name—Oliver Goldsmith; and who does not love his name, Boswell notwithstanding? That little, obsequious, but, after all, very useful slave of Johnson observed one evening to Goldsmith, as he seemed to be winning the attention of the company from the mighty lexicographer. "Oh, Goldy! you must not try to shine, in the presence of Hercules." Goldsmith *did* shine, however, in the presence of Johnson, and every other man he met, when he condescended to do so.

A little farther on is a fine statue in relief, on a monument with a Latin inscription calling upon the stranger, whoever he may be, to "Venerate the memory of Joseph Addison." Thou dost not need my praise, Addison; but my heart responds to the call; I *do* venerate thee.

Near this is the last monument Roubilliac lived to finish; it is that of Handel. The left

arm of the statue is resting on a group of musical instruments, and the attitude is expressive of fixed attention to the melody of an angel playing on a harp in the clouds above. Before him lies the celebrated Messiah, opened at the sublime air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" beneath, is only this inscription:—"George Frederick Handel, Esq., born Feb. 23, 1684; died April 14, 1769."

I feel a great reverence for Isaac Barrow, who has a fine monument here; he was the last man we should have thought Charles II. would have chosen for his chaplain. There is a curious story told of Barrow. When he was a boy, as has often been observed of others who afterwards become illustrious, he used to indulge in fancies and day-dreams of young ambition. His parents felt no great admiration for such things; besides, he would not work like his brothers; and as his father could perceive no value in a boy who would not work the good man used to pray, that if it ever

pleased the Lord to take away from him any one of his children, it might be Isaac! It is a good thing that even good men's prayers are not always answered.

"To the memory of David Garrick, who died in the year 1779, at the age of 63." When one is passing for the first time around the solemn walls of Westminster Abbey, it is difficult to feel much reverence for an actor, even though he were the greatest actor the world ever saw. Garrick was *great* and generous; but it is to be feared there was a part he never acted; a part, too, it were wise in every man to play, before the last fall of the curtain.

I could not but stop for a few moments before the splendid monument of Major André. This monument is of statuary marble, and the figures were cut by Van Gelder. On a moulded panelled base and plinth, stands a sarcophagus, on the panel of which is inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of Major André, who, raised by his merit, at an early period of life, to the rank

of Adjutant-general of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a victim to his zeal for his king and country, the 2nd October, 1780, aged twenty-nine, universally beloved and esteemed by the army which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious sovereign, King George III, has caused this monument to be erected;" and on the plinth, "The remains of the said Major André were deposited, on the 28th November, 1821, in a grave near this monument."

The sarcophagus has projecting figures; one of them (with a flag of truce) presenting to Washington a letter, which Major André had addressed to his Excellency, on the night previous to his execution, thus worded: "Sir, buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable purposes, and stained with no action which can give me remorse, I trust that the request which I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last mo-

ments, will not be rejected: sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me—if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet. I have the honour to be, your Excellency, John André, Adjutant of British forces in America."

All this is impressive: his fate was melancholy. But Washington must not be blamed, if we judge him by the code of military honour.

I have some indistinct recollection, that when I was a boy, I somewhere read a story like the following. After the retreat of General Washington from Long Island, when it was left in possession of the British, that great commander applied to Colonel Knowl-

ton to adopt some means of gaining information concerning the strength, situation, and future movements of the enemy. The colonel communicated this request to Captain Hale, one of the most brilliant and best educated young men in America, who had left the halls of Yale University to die, if necessary, for liberty. Young Hale immediately volunteered his services; and, conquering his repugnance to assume a character foreign to his nature, in the hope of being useful to his country, passed in disguise to Long Island, and obtained all the requisite information. In attempting to return, however, he was apprehended and brought before Sir William Howe, who ordered him to be executed the next morning. This sentence (conformable, it is true, to the laws of war) was carried into effect in the most unfeeling and barbarous manner. He asked if he might see a friend (one he loved better than all things but liberty—one who had given him up to his country), and he was denied. He asked for a

Bible: it was refused! He was soon to die; and even his last request that a clergyman might be with him for a little time, was rejected with *noble* oaths, and *blasphemy, and curses* (which we should not have mentioned but as furnishing a striking contrast to the conduct of Washington, who signed André's death-warrant with tears, and, but for the advice of the court-martial, would have granted his last petition); and, more cruel than all this, Hale's letters, written the night before his death, to his betrothed, his mother, and other dear friends, and committed to his lordship for delivery after his execution, were broken open, read, and burned (*noble* conduct!), in order, as was said by the provost-marshall, "that the rebels should not know that they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness." I have also read, that she who would have been his bride, went with her father at night through the British lines, and took his body from the gibbet, and carried it to their

own house! Spartan woman! my only regret is, that thy country has not raised a monument to the memory of thyself and lover.

A lesson of wisdom may be learned at every grave; but a voice comes forth from the graves of some men buried here, which cannot but sink deep into the hearts of the living as they stand over the dust of the sleepers. The Earl of Chatham, William Pitt, and his great rival, Charles James Fox, Grattan, Canning, and Sheridan, all sleep close to each other: their strifes and heart-burnings, their lofty aspirings, their deep and subtle intrigues, all sleeping with them. In dying, these men woke from the gorgeous dreams of life for the first time.

While I was standing with one foot upon the grave of Fox, and the other upon that of Pitt, my friend came round from the north transept, and joined me. As we raised our eyes to the grand statue of the great minister, he said, "It is not strange that England should have honoured the genius of William Pitt; but it is strange that we can forget *the*

*prodigality of his administration.* He may have made the name of England more glorious than it otherwise would have been, but in accomplishing this he laid a burden upon the English people, which, it is to be feared, nothing but a revolution can ever throw off. The English people will endure more oppression from their rulers than any people in the world. But this system of things cannot last always.

"The elder Pitt was the greater and better man. I always admired the wisdom and the boldness of those prophetic words of his to the English peers: '*To conquer America is an impossibility.*' He was familiar with the history of the injured colonies; he knew that justice and Heaven were on their side when the struggle began; and that love for homes they had reclaimed from the wilderness; love for liberty, their wives, and children, and for their posterity in all coming time, would nerve the arm of Americans as British gold never could the hired legions of England. One of

the most preposterous notions which ever found its way into the human brain, was that the descendants of the men who built their cabins on Plymouth Rock could ever be conquered.

"It has always seemed to me that the embarcation of the Pilgrim Fathers must have been one of the finest spectacles ever witnessed. I have often thought that when the Mayflower weighed her anchor, she must have seemed like a life-boat bearing away a few noble hearts from a sinking wreck—another ark freighted with men saved to people a New World. I once read a stirring anecdote of the Mayflower. It appears that one man, who had intended to sail in her, manifested some indecision when they were about to haul in the plank: 'I don't know,' he said, 'as I had better go.' 'Well then,' exclaimed the brave commander, 'jump ashore; if you want to go, you can go, and have our fare; if not, you can stay. At any rate, we want no faint-hearted men among this crew.' The man jumped

ashore; the plank was the next instant hauled in, and in five minutes all her sails were set, and she was 'leaving Old England's shores behind.'

"England has never been trod by a nobler company of men than the Pilgrim Fathers. They did not leave England because they were unwilling to struggle and die for their principles; but they saw the atmosphere of Europe was too cold and chilling for the growth of freedom, and they flung aside all but the hope that they might, in the fine language of Channing, 'transplant the tree of liberty to a new and more congenial clime!' There never had been a crisis in the world's history to call forth such men; they had never been needed before. *They* were true heroes—not in the common use of that term, for such heroes had driven them from their homes; but Christians, brave men, who could not be intimidated by the threats of tyranny, nor conquered by sword and cannon. They had no confidence in the weak panoply of the soldier, although they

could fight when it became necessary. They afforded a strong proof of the truth of that wise saying of an old historian, 'No man ever yet had failed who had faith in God, and a determination to be free.'

"The same despotism that oppressed the Puritans, urged their descendants into rebellion. There never was a greater outrage upon common sense, than the arrogant claim of England to tax the colonies, with no representation in the legislature which governed them. The Americans rejected that claim with scorn, and the conflict began.

"England could command the largest naval power on earth; and what had America as an offset? Only a few rusty firelocks, laid by from the old French and Indian wars; and, as old Starks said, a few kegs of powder, which 'they were obliged to set fire to, a week or ten days before they wanted to shoot.' But then was raised the voice of Adams and Hancock, 'To arms! for our chains are forged, and their clanking may be heard on

the plains of Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill!' What! subdue such men? England might as well have undertaken to chain the comets.

"I always feel my blood thrill when I think of the American Revolution. In the Declaration of Independence, 'America planted herself,' observes Rotteck, 'between magnificence and ruin.' It is a sublime idea. What a terrible thing it would have been if you had failed! Humanity would not have recovered from the disastrous blow in a hundred years. But to fail under such circumstances was impossible. The great Chatham foresaw all this; and England, who never takes advice from her friends until it is too late—England, who commenced the war for the glory of her name and the wealth of her empire, might have saved herself millions of money, and tens of thousands of lives, and the eternal disgrace of being whipped out of the fairest portion of the habitable globe had she only listened to the

voice of that tongue now changed to dust in this grave."

"I hope, my dear Manners," I replied, "for the safety of England, that she has not many sons like you. It would be wise, I think, to send you to the Tower: this sounds too much like treason. We will send for you to come to New York, and deliver us a 4th of July oration; you would save us the trouble of saying these things for ourselves. You know we have the credit abroad of devoting that day to the work of self-glorification."

"Well," replied the captain, "it is right that you should be proud of the achievements of your fathers; and it is also quite natural that *we* should feel somewhat sensitive on these points. The pride of England was never more effectually humbled than in America."

We stopped a few moments before the superb monument of Sir Isaac Newton. It is grand and expressive; worthy of the illus-

97846

trious man to whom it was erected. The inscription is in Latin, short, but full of meaning. It concludes with this beautiful sentiment: "Mortals have reason to exult in the existence of so noble an ornament to the human race."

After looking at the monuments of which I have spoken, I directed my attention to the architecture of the Abbey. It is an immense pile, built in the form of a cross, its length from east to west being 416 feet, and its breadth about 200. The two fine towers on the west end are 225 feet high. Around the choir of the Abbey, there is a succession of small chapels, filled with curious antique monuments, and the effigies of royal families, lying in state.

We were led through every part of the Abbey, by a pale old verger, who has been so long cloistered within these sacred walls that he seemed to have lost all sympathy with the external world. His face was as pale as marble; his steps were as solemn and still

as were ever heard in the chamber of death; and his voice seemed to come up as in hollow tones from the sepulchre: a fitting representative of the spirit of the place.

We passed several hours among the chapels. The verger seemed inclined to finish his explanations as soon as possible; but we did not like the idea of being hurried through these impressive chambers, and expressed a wish to remain a while: this we were denied. But knowing that in such cases there is one argument that never fails, I slipped a half-crown into the old verger's hand, which settled the matter without farther words.

I will only speak of two of the chapels—St. Edward's and Henry the Seventh's. In the centre of the former, stands the venerable shrine of St. Edward, which was once considered the glory of England. But the sepulchre was long ago broken open, and the ornaments were stolen from his body. Edward was the last Saxon king of England. He died in the year of the battle of Hastings (1066), and was

canonized in 1269. Henry III. pledged the jewels belonging to the shrine of Edward to foreigners; being compelled, as the record still preserved in the Tower states, to take this course "by heavy emergencies." No very creditable way for a *king* to raise money.

Here Matilda, queen of England, daughter of Malcolm, king of the Scots, and wife of Henry I., is buried. It was her custom every day in Lent to walk from her palace to the Abbey barefoot, clothed in a garment of coarse hair, kissing the feet of the poorest people she met in her way, and dispensing charities. In this chapel, in a large plain coffin of grey marble, lies the body of the great Edward, called the English Justinian. He died in 1307. Four hundred and sixty-seven years after his burial his tomb was opened by the Dean of Westminster. The body was perfect, having on two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, and the other of crimson velvet; a sceptre of gold in each hand measuring nearly five feet; a crown

on his head, and many jewels quite bright: he measured in length six feet and two inches.

Here too, Henry V., of Jack Falstaff memory, and victor of Agincourt, sleeps. In this chapel are also to be seen the two coronation chairs. The most ancient of these chairs was brought with the regalia from Scotland, by Edward I., in 1297 (after having overcome John Baliol), and was offered at St. Edward's shrine. In this chair the monarchs of England are crowned, and to this place they come for their sepulchres.

Henry Seventh's chapel is called "the wonder of the world." It stands at the east end of the Abbey, and is so neatly joined to it that it seems to be part of the main edifice. It is adorned with sixteen Gothic towers, beautifully ornamented, and jutting from the building in different angles. It is built on the plan of a cathedral, with a nave and side-aisles. The entrance to this chapel is through curiously wrought, ponderous gates of brass. The lofty ceiling is worked into an astonish-

ing variety of designs, and you may imagine my surprise when I was told that it was all wrought in solid stone. A celebrated French architect afterwards told me that one man could not complete the work upon that ceiling in less time than a thousand years. The pavement is of white and black marble. This splendid chapel was designed to be a kingly sepulchre, in which none but royalty should sleep; and the will of the founder has been so far observed, that none have been admitted to burial here who could not trace their descent from some ancient family of kings. But nothing is so universally and justly admired for its antiquity and fine workmanship, as the magnificent tomb of Henry the Seventh, and his queen Elizabeth, 'the last of the House of York that wore the English crown.' This tomb stands in the body of the chapel, enclosed in a curious chantry of cast brass, most admirably designed and executed, and ornamented with statues. Within it are the effigies of the royal pair in their robes of state,

lying close together, carved on a tomb of black marble.

Here at last found rest the remains of the two young princes who were basely murdered by their treacherous uncle, Richard III. The story is faithfully told in a Latin inscription over their grave. You remember that these poor boys were confined in the Tower, stifled with pillows, and then privately buried. One hundred and ninety years passed away before their bones were discovered, and then they were found among the rubbish of the stairs leading to the White Tower. Charles II. removed their remains to this spot, where their ancestors lie. One of these princes was born in the old sanctuary which once belonged to the Abbey, where his mother had taken refuge during the terrible civil wars of the houses of York and Lancaster.

"Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching picture of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed,

and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing much corroded, bearing her national emblem the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary." These beautiful words you have read in Irving.

Time is the great regulator. How sure he is to do justice at last! Mrs. Jamieson has set this matter in its proper light. Mary Stuart needed no better defender of her fame. After waiting nearly 300 years, justice has been done to her name by the heroic and beautiful biographer of the imperious and hateful Elizabeth.

A great number of the tombs and shrines of the Abbey have been shockingly mutilated and defaced. The sceptre has been stolen from the mouldered hand of Elizabeth, and there is hardly a royal monument which has not been plundered or mutilated. The grave is a sanctuary for the dead in the peaceful country churchyard; but not so in Westminster Abbey. They who are buried here have found no security against the rapacity and insult of the living.

I pity the man who lives and dies in the hope of being long remembered, who has no more enduring monument than the marble to perpetuate his fame. There are many

inscriptions in the Abbey which cannot be read: they have faded away with the names and deeds of those they were intended to commemorate. Nothing ever appears to me so mournful as a grave-stone with its epitaph obliterated by time. "Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin." This is one of those touching morals taught us by Washington Irving, in writing about this hall of death.

One sees in Westminster Abbey almost as much as he would have seen had he lived in England for a thousand years. If a great person has died, or if a great deed has been done in this island, for centuries, they have brought some memento, and placed it within these walls. Here we read the story of the virtues and the crimes of England's great men; here we find their monuments, their escutcheons, and their ashes. In different ages, and from different scenes of action, England's kings

have come to these solemn cloisters at last, to forget in the deep slumber of the grave the troubles, the follies, and the guilt of the life just ended. No one of them, as he went to his sepulchre, stopped to listen to the clamours that swelled behind him; to the contentions of fierce and eager aspirants to his vacant throne. Even bluff Harry VIII goes sturdily to his resting-place, without seeming in his dying moments to bestow a thought on his discarded wives or injured daughters.

But they are not all of royal or noble blood that rest here. Greater Englishmen than English kings have a name and a grave within these solemn chambers. Bucklers, helmets, and broadswords are spread over the tomb of the bold baron; the cross and the crosier mark the sepulchre of some pious bishop; and over this tomb are banners, streamers, and all the insignia of naval triumph, doing honour to some captain of the sea, who is here alike forgetful of the roar of the battle and the terrors of

the wreck. As you pass along those aisles whose silence is unbroken save by your own footfall, and read the quaint epitaphs of heroes of olden time, insensibly will the impression steal over the imagination that it was but yesterday that all these dead were alive, and you, a stranger from the far future, have been carried back to the days of ancient chivalry to converse with walking shadows; to think of the present as though it were a prophecy, a dream, or a hope, and of the past as though it were a reality.

And yet, speak to that suit of armour which seems now to threaten as it once did in battle —it returns no answer; the voice is still that once spoke through those iron jaws, and the cold moisture which gathers on its rusted face seems like tears shed over the hero who once wore it.

When the mind is full of thoughts suggested by these relics of antiquity, and the heart full of emotions; when the images of great men who have long flitted around the fancy appear,

and we see before us the very sword they once used in battle, and the very banner that once floated over them, there is no room left for other thoughts; we cannot contemplate modern times or our own existence. While we are lingering in a place where England has preserved all that she could of the great and the virtuous—a place of which we have read and thought from childhood, and around which so many bright recollections cluster—what marvel if hours on hours steal away ere we wake from the strong illusion.

The day had passed away as a night of rich dreams goes by, and we were unconscious how long we had been strolling around the walls, until the evening light began to stream in more and more feebly through the lofty stained windows, and a deeper gloom settled upon every part of the Abbey. And when increasing darkness had spread, through all the cloisters, chapels, and passages, a more solemn and mysterious gloom, I could not but ask, what is night—deep, dark night—without moon,

star, or taper, around these silent poets, barons, priests, sages, heroes, and kings!

Is never a sigh heard to come forth from these damp tombs? a shout from some sleeping warrior? or an "Ave Maria" from some crusader monk? If we should stay here until midnight —the hour when spirits haunt these halls of the dead, if they *ever* haunt them—might we not hear the sound of revelry where the ashes of Harry of Monmouth are laid; and a hollow voice calling out through the stillness of night, "Sweet Hal?" Around the tomb of "Queen Bess," should we not hear the flattery of gallant courtiers and the preparations of the stage; the voices of Raleigh, and Burleigh, and Essex, and Leicester, and the notes of the sweet bard of Avon sounding melodiously over all; or the plaintive sorrow of poor Mary Stuart?—Might we not hear from some part of the Abbey a faint voice as if it came from "the spirit land?"

No! these dead do never waken or walk: the battle-axe has fallen from the strong hand

of the Saxon and the Norman, and they rest in stillness together. Genius, which lived in sorrow and died in want, here sleeps as proudly as royalty. All is silence; but here "silence is greater than speech."

This is the great treasure-house of England. If every record on earth besides were blotted out, and the memory of the living should fade away, the stranger could still in Westminster Abbey write the history of the past; for England's records are here: from the rude and bloody escutcheons of the ancient Briton to the ensigns of Norman chivalry, and from these to admiralty stars and civic honours. The changes which civilization has made in its progress through the world, have left their impressions upon these stones and marbles. On the monument where each great man rests, his age has uttered its language; and among such numbers of the dead there is the language of many ages. England speaks from its barbarity, its revolutions, and its newest civilization. Each generation has laid some of its

illustrious ones here, and it is no wonder that there is not a spot to which an Englishman turns his eye with so much pride as to Westminster; nor a spot which the traveller so well loves to visit.

One cannot but feel both gratitude and indignation here: gratitude for every noble effort in behalf of humanity, civilization, liberty and truth, made by these sleepers; indignation at every base deed, every effort to quench the light of science or destroy freedom of thought, every outrage inflicted upon man; and every blow aimed against liberty by the oppressors of his race.

There is not a great author here who did not write for us; not a man of science who did not investigate truth for us; we have received advantage from every hour of toil that ever made these good and great men weary. A wanderer from the most distant and barbarous nation on earth cannot come hither without finding the graves of his benefactors. Those who love science and truth, and long for the

day when perfect freedom of thought and action shall be the common heritage of man, will feel grateful, as they stand under these arches, for all the struggles, and all the trials to enlighten and emancipate the world, which the great who here rest from their labours have so nobly endured.

And, above all, the scholar, who has passed his best years in study, will here find the graves of his teachers. He has long worshipped their genius; he has gathered inspiration and truth from their writings; they have made his solitary hours, which to other men are a dreary waste, like the magical gardens of Armida, "whose enchantments arose amid solitude, and whose solitude was everywhere among those enchantments." The scholar may wish to shed his tears alone, but he cannot stand by the graves of his masters in Westminster Abbey without weeping: they are tears of love and gratitude.

We passed around the walks on the south side of the Abbey before we finally left it.

Here we saw a pretty girl, about fifteen, watering a York and Lancaster rose, which was growing by the Abbey wall. There was but one flower on the stock, and that was in full bloom. We always like to carry away with us, from such hallowed places, some memento; and though any one would have desired the flower, yet I ought not to have thought of asking for that solitary rose. And yet, "My dear girl," said I, "will you part with that rose to a stranger?"

"Oh, no, sir! I have tended it for several months, and I cannot think of parting with it; and it's the only flower I have in the world, too."

Judging from her appearance that I should not offend her, I threw down a half-crown; she hesitated for a moment, and broke the stem; and as she handed me the flower a blush spread over her pale features:

"I did not think I would let it go, sir," said she, "but you are so generous that I must."

We turned to go away; but in a moment I

felt sorry for what I had done. It was a cold and selfish request: I had taken away from a poor, sick girl, shut up within the brick walls of London, where the fresh country air, with the fragrance it gathers in blowing over green fields, never comes, the only flower she had in the world. I stopped, and, turning round, saw the poor girl weeping over its stem; I would have given the best day of my life to replace it.

"I am very sorry I took your flower," said I; "will it be any comfort to you to have it back?"

"No, sir, it's *picked now*; I shouldn't have cared a fig about it, if there had been another. But there is a *bud*, here, I see, and I shall have another rose in a few days."

I handed her a crown. A smile lighted up her face again, and she said, "You are so kind, sir, that I had almost as lief you would have the rose as to have kept it myself. I don't care anything about it now—indeed I don't. I

was very silly to cry about it; but I had tended it so long, and it was *all the rose I had.*"

---

THOUGHTS ON VISITING WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Old structure! Round thy solid form
Have heaved the crowd, and swept the storm,
And centuries roll'd their tide;
Yet still thou standest firmly there,
Thy grey old turrets stern and bare,
The grave of human pride.

Erect, immovable, sublime,
As when thou soaredst in thy prime,
On the bold Saxon's sight;
Thou holdest England's proudest dead,
From him who there first laid his head,
"The royal anchorite."

To her long call'd the Virgin Queen
(And oh! what heroes pass'd between),
Who, with a might her own,
The kingdom's sceptre sway'd and threw
A glory and a shadow too,
Around her fearful throne.

Mysterious form, thy old grey wall
Has seen successive kingdoms fall,
And felt the mighty beat

Of Time's deep flood, as thrones, and kings,
And crowns, and all earth's proudest things,
It scatter'd at thy feet.

And now, as 'neath thy arch I stand,
I seem upon the earth's wide strand,
And round about me cast,
Upon the dark and silent shore,
The richest freights it ever bore,
The glory of the past.

Oh! how the pageants rise, and swim,
And vanish round my vision dim!—
I see the solemn funeral train,
That bears a monarch to his tomb;
The tall plumes waving through the gloom,
The mournful requiem train.

The priest's low chant, the mutter'd prayer,
The tread of warriors, all are there;
And high above, the toll
Of the deep bell whose heavy knell
Blends with the organ's mighty swell,
O'er the departed soul.

'Tis gone! and through the portals wide
Comes rolling in a living tide;
And hark! far echoed out,
Whence comes that high and deafening peal,
Till e'en these steadfast turrets reel?
It is a nation's shout.

Oh! how the gorgeous, proud array
Is pressing through the crowded way,
With drum and trumpet tone!
But who now halts within the door?
A monarch's foot is on the floor,
His eye upon a throne.

His lip is wreathing in a smile,
As passing down the foot-worn aisle,
The banners droop around him;
But oh! his thoughts are not on those
Who hail him as he proudly goes
To where the lordly crown him.

His heart in this exciting hour
Doth dream exultingly of power
The given crown shall bring;
And triumph sits within that eye,
As, thundering round him, wild and high,
Resounds, "God save the king!"

'Tis vanished! "like a morning cloud"—
The throne, the king, the shouting crowd,
And here I stand alone;
And like the ocean's solemn roar
Upon some distant, desert shore,
A low, perpetual moan.

I seem to hear the steady beat
Of century-waves around my feet,
As generations vast

Are borne unto the dim-seen strand
Of that untrodden, silent land,
That covers all the past.

I'm with the dead; and at my feet
The graves of two proud queens here meet—
One arch gives ample room
For whom an empire was too small.
Proud rival hearts! and is this all?
*A narrow, silent tomb!*

Here, too, are slumbering side by side,
Like brother-warriors true and tried,
Two stern and haughty foes:
Their stormy hearts are still—the tongue,
On which enraptured thousands hung,
Is hush'd in long repose.

I see the poet's broken lyre,
O'er which were utter'd words of fire;
The hero's shiver'd sword;
The sage's tomes; the wreath of fame—
All drifting to the dark inane,
And no returning word.

Old Abbey! on my thoughtful heart,
A lesson that shall ne'er depart,
Thy silent walls have left;
And now, more wise than I have been,
I step into the living stream
Again, and onward drift;

Faithfully yours, &c.,

London, June 12, 1840.

DEAR ——,

THIS morning Mr. ——, one of the distinguished philanthropists of Great Britain, called at my lodgings to go with me to the Freemasons' Hall, where the World's Convention was to assemble. He greeted me very cordially, and seemed disposed to render me those kind civilities which a stranger in a foreign land best knows how to appreciate.

In passing through Ave Maria-lane, a small street that runs from Ludgate Hill into Paternoster Row, the great book emporium, we met two children, about eight years old, who prostrated themselves on their knees before us, and implored us to buy a penny book they held in their hand, for they had eaten nothing, they said, for two days.

The side-walk was very narrow, and Mr.

——, pulled me by the arm, saying, "Let us cross over."

"We will wait a moment, if you please," I replied; "I want to ask these children a few questions."

"Oh, sir," he answered, "if we stop to talk with every beggar we meet between this and Great Queen-street, we shall find business enough for the day;" at the same time he pulled my arm a little harder than before, and manifested considerable impatience.

"If you are particularly anxious to go on," I remarked, "I must beg you to excuse me, for I cannot leave these children without knowing something more about them."

"Oh, sir," he replied, "*certainly* we will stop if you wish." I *did* wish to stop.

The little children were still kneeling on the pavement. A coarse hempen sack, with holes for the neck and arms, constituted their entire dress, and this was falling from them by pieces. The countenances of both were lean and pallid, but there was great beauty, or, rather, there

would have been beauty, in the features of the girl, if they had not been sharpened and deformed by famine.

"Get up, little children," I said; "we don't want you to kneel to us."

It was the first time a human being had ever bent the knee to me.

"How long have you been without eating, children?"

"We hadn't had nothing, please, sir, for two days, only a boy give us a roll yesterday."

Their pale and famished countenances declared that the child spoke the truth.

"Is that your sister, my little fellow?"

"Please, sir, I don't know; I expect she aint."

"Where is your *home*, children?"

Both of them asked, "What did you say, sir?"

"Where do your parents live?"

"Don't know, sir, please."

"Where were you born? Can't you tell me?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you stay?"

"Please, sir, we stays here all day, and nights we stays where they put us."

"*They?* Who do you mean?"

"The policemen, sir."

"Where did you get the book?" Both of them began to cry. I repeated the question.

"Oh!" exclaimed the philanthropist, "I can save you the trouble of asking that question. *They stole it, of course.* I never knew a beggar in my life that did not steal when he had an opportunity."

My soul was stirred with indignation. I never heard words which grated on my heart more like a file upon the naked flesh. I was too much excited to answer him, and I continued talking with the children.

"Tell me, my dear boy, where you got the book; you need not be afraid, for I won't hurt you, if you *did* steal it: tell me."

"Oh! sir," said the little girl, as her feeble form shook with fear, "we begged till we was

*so* hungry we thought we couldn't live any longer, and we got nothing, and we see the book in a stall, and we didn't want to *steal* it, but we didn't want to *starve*, and Jimmy said he didn't dare steal, and so *I* did. But, please, we was so hungry, or we would'nt done it."

"You see I am right, sir," said Mr. ——, with some appearance of exultation.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I see you are; and would you blame your own child for stealing a penny book to keep him from starving?" I said nothing more, although it was almost impossible for me to control my feelings.

"Why, it is painful," said he, "one must confess; but then this is probably all *acting;* they are most likely making begging a profession. There is so much of this in London, that I really refrain from giving anything to street beggars *from principle.* I am taxed for poor rates, and pay a good deal every year to the different charities, and, besides, the public

authorities make provision for all such people." (This is not true.) "I think it countenances the whole system of street-begging to give them *one penny*; and we should no doubt be doing a service to society by reporting such cases in the proper quarter."

"I agree with you, sir," I answered; "and I think the proper quarter to report this case is a *place where these poor sufferers may get some bread.*" And seeing a baker's-shop near, I told the children to follow me, asking the indulgence of my *philanthropic* companion for a few moments.

"Don't let us be detained very long," said he, "for I fear we shall be very late now; I will wait for you at the shop on the corner."

It was a relief to my feelings to be left alone with the poor little outcasts.

"Please, sir," said the little girl, as she cast anxious glances behind her upon the receding form of the philanthropist, "won't that gentleman take us up?"

"No, child, come with me." We reached

the shop, and I gave them as much bread as they could hold in their hands, and left a small sum of money with the man, that they might have more, when they needed it, until I should call again. They took the bread and thanked me; at the same time tears of gratitude filled their eyes, from which they had just wiped away the tears of sorrow. We passed out into the street, and they sat down in a small open space, which let the light into a basement window, and ate their bread together, with that keen, ravenous appetite which famine only can give.

I hurried on to my companion. I told him that I hoped he would excuse me, for in my own country such a scene as that was never witnessed, and I could not contemplate it with that *fortitude* which he seemed to display.

"Well," said he, "*any* one, I think, would be affected in the same way, until he learned what a vast system of imposition is practised upon the benevolent by the London beggars. The evils of mendicity and vagrancy had become so alarming a few years ago, that the House of

Commons instituted a committee of inquiry on the subject, and their report developed such a mass of evidence, that no shadow of doubt can be left in the mind of any man who will read it, that gross and monstrous frauds are practised by mendicants in London, and on a scale which almost exceeds the belief even of those who have investigated the subject.

"This report stated that large sums of money were found about the persons of beggars who had been brought before the magistrates. A blind man, with a dog, collected thirty shillings a day; and multitudes of others, in the ordinary course of their pursuit, made from five to ten shillings daily. Two houses in St. Giles' were ascertained to be frequented by more than two hundred beggars. There they met and held their clubs, had fine entertainments, read the London journals, and discussed the news. No one dared to intrude into their assemblies, unless he was a beggar by profession, or was introduced by one of the fraternity.

Their average daily collections amounted to from three to five shillings for each person.

" Why, sir, a negro, who had taken advantage of the sympathy excited in favour of the African race, some time ago retired to the West Indies with £1500, which he had amassed by street begging. Only a year or two since, a female beggar died in London, and left in her will a large sum of money to one of the clerks in the Bank of England; and the reasons she assigned for making him the object of her benevolence were, that she had not a friend on earth; she could not take her money with her into the future world; and when *he* had given her anything, it was always *silver*.

" Beggars have been heard to say that they go through forty streets a day, and that it is a poor street which does not yield twopence, and a bad day that does not give them eight shillings or more. They make use of *children* extensively, in practising upon the feelings of the humane. These children are sent out in the

morning, with an order not to return without a certain sum: The veteran beggars who employ these juvenile agents, often obtain them directly from their parents, to whom they pay a stipulated price for their services; and instances have been known of their actually *buying* children for these purposes. Some of these children are horribly deformed; in consequence of which, their appeals are so successful that they command from their employers several shillings a day for their services.

"The committee reported an instance of an old woman who kept a night school for the purpose of instructing children in the *street language* and the way to beg. The committee stated, also, that Mr. Martin's calculation, made nearly forty years ago, that there were 15,000 beggars in London, was very much below the estimate which the evidence before them had compelled them to make. It is well known that the profession of begging has been brought to perfection.

Every invention which experience and cunning can devise, is brought into requisition to carry out this infamous system. Strangers, and particularly Americans, I believe, are generally much affected by the *apparent* suffering they meet in the various forms mendicity assumes in London. But a knowledge of the facts I have mentioned places them on their guard against imposition, and saves them from bestowing their generous sympathies upon ill-deserving objects."

"My dear sir," I remarked, in reply to his statements, "you do not mean to say, I suppose, that among the crowds of beggars who throng the 10,000 streets, courts, and lanes of the metropolis, there are not thousands of cases of real distress? thousands who are worthy of charity, if misfortune and poverty, orphanage and degradation, can give man any claim upon the sympathy of his brother?"

"Well, sir," said he, "I think, nevertheless, we should be very careful to avoid being *duped* by such vagrants."

"It gave me great pain, sir," I replied, "to hear what you said before of those little children. They did not take you to be a philanthropist. The little girl trembled at your presence, and asked me if you would not have her taken up and punished for begging. Have I come to a country whose starving orphans dread the sight of its philanthropists? I must confess, sir, that I should give you very little credit for all your anti-slavery philanthropy, were I a slave-owner, and knew how you passed those hungry children, wandering in the great wilderness of London, with no one but a stranger to pity them, and no eye to watch over them but the eye of 'Him who feeds the young ravens when they cry.'

"Let me tell you how I feel, frankly and honestly. I did not say much in reply to your remarks while we were with the children, for I did not dare trust myself to answer you then; but I am calm now. How would it strike those whom you call 'the oppressors of the world,' to whom you, as one of this great

Convention, will make your appeal, if they knew all the circumstances connected with our interview with those children? Would your opinions have the least weight or consideration with them? Suppose, if you please, that these children *are* of the number of those poor creatures forced into the streets of London to beg for masters more cruel than the slaveholder, inasmuch as they impose upon *their slaves* more degrading tasks; and suppose the slaveholder aware of the fact; would he be likely to listen to your appeal? Would he give you any credit for getting up such a mighty sympathy for men in a foreign country, while you overlook the poor, naked, hungry orphan starving at your door?

"I really hope you will give me credit for too much common sense to suppose that I can doubt that there are in this great city thousands who beg rather than steal, and at last, if need be, steal rather than die; thousands compelled to depend upon the tender mercies of strangers who have not yet learned how to turn away

the poor starving wretch with a frown, because, perchance, he may be begging for a living: being unable to keep body and soul together in any other way. I greatly fear, sir, that in shunning the being duped by beggars, you are practising a *deception* upon yourself (which that day of trial we all expect to meet in a future world will lay bare), in supposing that so large a proportion of these beggars are abusing the benevolence of the humane.

"That there are *many* of the class you have described I do not doubt; and possibly their number is very large; but I am quite as well satisfied that there are still *more* who make to you their unavailing plea, and whom it were far better to assist than to overlook for distant objects of charity, however noble your efforts for the oppressed of other nations may be. These 'poor ones' come to you with a claim which, one would think, philanthropy could not deny. Their famished looks and wasted forms are God's *seal* upon the righteousness

of their cause; telling you in language which 'he who runs may read,' that *your brother at home* is dying for want of bread; and that you cannot close your ear to his cry, and hope for the blessing Christ has promised to bestow upon those who feed the hunger and clothe the nakedness of 'one of the *least* of his children' in this world."

After I had said this we walked on in silence for some time.

I had reason to believe, from his manner, that what I had said was not very agreeable to him; but I did not condemn myself for making this observation. I only discovered another illustration of that truth which has passed into a proverb; "Good men even do not always love to be reproved."

"I believe it is very common," I continued, "for us all to be more affected by distress at a distance, than by the misery around our own doors. I have seen a minister of the Gospel punish a slave who was a member of his own church, on Sunday morning, for a

trifling offence, and then go into the pulpit and deliver one of the most affecting discourses, I ever heard, on the state of the heathen world. His tears were a pledge of his sincerity."

"But, sir, you would not call him a Christian, would you?" exclaimed Mr. ———, with some astonishment.

"I would not hastily conclude," said I, "that he was not a good man; for I have known many instances to the same effect no less striking. We must make proper allowances for the power of custom and inveterate habits. I will not say that I am a better man than you because I was more deeply affected by the sight of those hungry children than you were. You have long been familiar with such scenes. But I *will* say, that I do not believe there are many slaveholders in America who would not have given them assistance.

"There is a circumstance connected with the state of society in England, which I find many good men here seem entirely to overlook, but which to me is inexpressibly painful: I re-

fer to the cruel burdens under which that portion of your population which you call the 'lower classes' are suffering. I do not speak of the *lowest class* who live by begging, although the Quarterly Review estimates that *in Great Britain the paupers compose one sixth part of the whole people.* But I speak of that great class who are shut out from all intercourse with the better and more intelligent portions of society, and deprived of those high and powerful motives to exertion and advancement so necessary in elevating the character. The emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the British colonies was very noble, considered as an act of humane legislation; and the result has been all that the friends of that act could have anticipated. This is the united voice of hundreds who have gone there to see the working of the experiment; and Parliament has confirmed their statements that freedom has worked well.

"But still there is a consideration connected even with this glorious act which is not a little

painful. The £20,000,000 which were the price of taking off the fetters of colonial slaves, have only increased the burdens of the already crushed working classes of England. That great sum has swollen the national debt, before so enormous, still more; and there is some force in the saying of the Chartist, that the English people have paid the throne £20,000,000 for sending ships to the colonies to bring back cast-aside negro fetters, to be fastened upon themselves at home.

"These facts are known throughout the civilized world, and they detract from the credit of that act in the estimation of other nations. Consistency is one of the greatest reflex powers on earth; and you cannot get the world to give you all the credit you claim for West India emancipation, as long as oppression weighs so heavily upon your own people.

"I very well know that many who were the principal agents in effecting this emancipation, are labouring with equal zeal in overturning abuses at home; but during the few weeks I

have been in England, I have been struck with the insensibility of philanthropists here, to those terrible oppressions which lie like an incubus upon the mass of your people.

"The government under which you live stands in great need of reformation. It is a government of privileges and monopolies; 'the few are born,' as O'Connell says, 'booted and spurred, to ride over the many.' The working classes are degraded and oppressed. All but the privileged orders are taxed from their birth to their death. The midwife that assists in bringing the child into the world; the swaddling clothes in which the infant is wrapped; every mouthful of nourishment which it eats during its journey through life; every rag of clothes it puts on, and, at last, the winding-sheet and the coffin in which it is laid in mother earth: all are taxed to pamper a haughty aristocracy, a political church, and the privileged orders.

"And to the eye of an American there is something in all this as hostile to the great

principles of human rights and philanthropy, as ever there was in the West India or any other slavery. I do not say this in a censorious spirit; I would not justify slavery in any part of the world, by English oppression; but I am sorry the world should have so far lost the beneficial influence of the great act of colonial emancipation by the inconsistencies of Great Britain."

"Why, sir," he replied, "there is much in the state of English society which we all lament; but there is nothing like slavery; nothing which can be called a direct violation of human rights; nothing calculated to arouse the indignation, or awaken the sympathy of a philanthropist, as in the untold abominations of American slavery."

"I differ from you," I remarked, "on these points. I can prove from English documents which I have read (the Evidence on the Factory Bill, for example), that there are multitudes of the English operatives who labour

more hours a day, at harder and more prostrating work, with less food and poorer clothing, and subject to more abuse, than the American slaves."

By this time we had arrived at the Freemasons' Hall. The venerable Thomas Clarkson was just getting out of his carriage, supported by two of his friends. He had come from his home in Ipswich, in his eighty-first year, to preside over "the World's Convention." The Hall was filled with delegates from every part of the civilized world, and many of the most illustrious men of Europe were present. The Convention was called to order by Mr. Blair, late Mayor of Bath, who stated that the venerable Thomas Clarkson had arrived, and would soon enter the Hall. The name of Clarkson called forth loud applause. We were requested, in consideration of his age and infirmities, to refrain from any manifestation of our feelings when he entered the Hall. The whole assembly was silent, and every eye turned

towards the door. The scene which followed surpassed anything which I ever witnessed.

This venerable patriarch of liberty had left his quiet home in his old age, to meet the representatives of the different nations of the earth, to devise means for "the emancipation of man everywhere from the thraldom of man," and then go back to his peaceful retreat, and await his summons to Heaven. As he entered the Hall, supported by two distinguished gentlemen, and accompanied by his daughter-in-law and grandson, the Convention rose and received him in silence. He seemed bowed down with age, and his hair was perfectly white. He was deeply affected by his reception; and when he was proposed as chairman, there was a gentle murmur of approbation which could not be suppressed: he took his seat and held his handkerchief to his face.

We all felt a veneration for the aged chief-

tain in our presence which words cannot describe. We saw before us the man whose name had been associated, for more than half a century, with almost every great enterprise for the advancement of human liberty; the originator, and now the only surviving member, of the first committee ever instituted for the abolition of the slave-trade. Hoare, Smith, Dilwyn, Harrison, Phillips, and Wilberforce were all dead. This was probably the last great assembly in whose deliberations he would mingle; feeling that his time on earth was short, he had under the impulse of freedom's fires, which burned within his heart as brightly as ever, brought his little grandson, Thomas Clarkson, into the Convention, the only representative of his family and name now on earth, to lay the beautiful boy in consecration upon freedom's altar on his ninth birthday. It was a beautiful offering to the genius of liberty: a nobler dedication than when his father brought the young Han-

nibal to the altar, and made him swear eternal hostility to the enemies of Carthage.

The gentleman who introduced the boy to the assembly laid his hand upon his head, and prayed that the blessing of Heaven might rest upon him, and that, with the descending mantle of his venerated ancestor, he might catch a double portion of his spirit. "I am sure," said he, "that this prayer will find a response in every bosom in this assembly (cries of amen), as well as the earnest hope, that when some of us shall be removed to that bourne where the wicked cease from troubling, and where all distinction of clime and colour will be swept for ever away, he may live to see the day when the divine blessing shall so eminently have crowned this great cause of justice and mercy which we have this great day assembled to promote, that the sun shall cease to rise upon a tyrant, or set upon a slave."

Clarkson then rose, and delivered a most

affecting and eloquent address. Some parts of it were sublime. Alluding to himself, he observed, "I can say with truth, I think, that although my body is fast going to decay, my heart beats as warmly in this sacred cause now, in the eighty-first year of my age, as it did at the age of twenty-four, when I first took it up. And I can say farther with truth, that if I had another life given me to live, I would ask no better fortune than to devote it all with firmer resolution and warmer zeal to the same glorious work of redeeming humanity from oppression."

He closed with a benediction upon the assembly and the friends of human liberty throughout the world. When he sat down, I believe there was not a heart in the Convention that was not deeply moved, nor an eye that was not filled with tears.

After a few moments of silence, the following letter from Lord Brougham was read:

House of Lords, Thursday.

"Gentlemen: I am much honoured by the request which you have made to me through your deputation this morning, that I would attend the meeting of delegates to-morrow. I assure you that it is very painful for me to be under the necessity of refusing. But the state of my health has been such for some time past, that I am barely able to discharge those duties in this place from which I cannot withdraw; and I have been compelled to lay down a rule against going to any public meeting whatever. Of all the instances in which I have been obliged to follow this rule, there is no one which has given me greater pain; for I need hardly say how deeply I feel interested in whatever concerns the great cause which brings you together. I earnestly hope that all your proceedings may be guided by the same wisdom and animated by the same zeal which have, from the earliest period of the controversy, been displayed by the friends of humanity and justice; and I trust

that, under the blessings of Providence continued to their exertions, our dearest desires may finally be crowned with success.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

Your faithful and humble servant,"

BROUGHAM.

To the Committee of Management of Delegates.

I have not for a long time felt so much disappointed as when I learned that we should not have Brougham in this Convention. Such an occasion as this would have been a fine field for the display of his powers, and there was a general expectation that he would attend.

After considerable time was spent in settling the manner of conducting the business of the Convention, the chairman called upon Daniel O'Connell, who rose and thus addressed the assembly:

"This was a Convention the most important that ever assembled. To it came men from hundreds and thousands of miles distant;

not with a selfish motive, not even alone for the pride and pleasure of participating in the great and ennobling work, but from sincere philanthropy to the human race—and it included delegates from all parts of the world, even from America; certainly from all parts of the British empire, and none ought to be exempt from co-operation. In the chair he was happy to see the patriarch of liberty. He was glad that the venerable gentleman had lived to see the brightening of a day, the dawn of which the fervour of his youth could scarcely have hoped to see. His was the purest of all fame, that of doing good. They were not met here only to talk or display talent; that would be insufficient; they must direct their minds to some practical move ment: Forward must be the word. They must speedily adopt practical means for establishing corresponding and co-operating societies all over the world. It was a gratifying thing to hear that Massachusetts had declared the first clause of American inde-

pendence to be utterly inconsistent with slavery, and on that ground alone it should be abolished. At present it was only in the East Indies, that slavery under the British rule, existed. There not only the labourers were slaves, but the great mass of the population were serfs, completely under the sway of the East India Company, to be ground down by the 'land-rent' exactions at its will. There should be a glorious combination of anti-slavery societies all over the world, and no motives should be allowed to mar the disinterested sincerity of their efforts. He was rejoiced to see their chairman among them. He was happy to find himself in a Convention, to the members of which no selfish motives could by any possibility be attributed. Let them persevere in their efforts, and they would raise the entire of the human race from a state of slavery and degradation to that liberty which was the best preparative for receiving the truths of Christianity and the blessings of civilization."

At the close of O'Connell's speech, the chairman was obliged to retire. The whole Convention rose, and as he left the Hall, leaning upon the arm of the Irish Orator, the feelings of the assembly were expressed by the most enthusiastic applause.

Then came up the "Woman Question;" for you must know that about a dozen ladies have come more than three thousand miles to "have a finger in the pie." Some of them, without doubt, are exceedingly sensible and clever, and all confessedly pretty, except, perhaps, some few who have passed into "the sear and yellow leaf" of no particular age. It had been the desire, I believe, of most in the Convention, to have nothing said about "woman's rights." It was feared that, once introduced, it would not be so readily disposed of. Several English and American gentlemen, apprehending the result, had waited upon the ladies with a request that they would not press their claims, and the Committee of Management had very politely given them tickets of

admission, and showed them at their anti-slavery *soirées* the utmost attention. "We thank you, gentlemen," said they, "for all your civilities, but we cannot surrender our *rights* to British or American prejudices. It is an age of emancipation; and it is time for woman to break the fetters which have so long bound her. Shall we see our *sisters* enslaved, and not lift our voice for their redemption? *Woman* is in bondage! *woman* is bought and sold; and shall not woman's voice be heard in the ascending cry of the friends of humanity? Yes, it *shall* be heard. We have not come three thousand miles to sign the warrant of woman's degradation; to yield to that cruel spirit of proscription which shuts the mouth of woman, when she thinks it her duty to plead for her enslaved sister. We can be gagged at home, gentlemen, without taking the trouble to cross the Atlantic. No! we will present our credentials, and throw upon the Convention the responsibility of denying us *our right* to a seat."

To the Convention they came; where the question came up on the docket, and received a full and boisterous discussion. Each side had some argument, considerable eloquence, and abundance of noise. The tumult and confusion exceeded all description. During much of the time, from ten to twenty persons were trying to get the floor, screaming at the top of their voices. There were laughter, and smiles, and tears; there were groans, and shouts, and huzzas; there were beautiful faces pale with sorrow, and others flushed with passion.

"These ladies," said the advocates of the fair philanthropists, "have come to this Convention with the same commissions as the men, signed by the same hands, and they have the same right to their seats."

"Well," replied the Anti-Women-Men, or anything else you please to call them, "well, the committee who issued the call for the Convention did not intend to *embrace the ladies.*"

"Well! pray who would you *embrace, then?*" (a very grave question, to be sure): "we have been admitted to Conventions in America."

"But here the case is different. Something is due to the customs of the country where you are. English women do not complain because they are not allowed to deliberate in our assemblies."

"They submit to it because they are slaves, then. Your customs are wrong, and we intend to correct them; *we will* have our *rights.*"

"But it is not a question of rights, but of *propriety.* Is not something due to the usages of English society?"

"It is the custom of India to enslave women; of Turkey, to hive them up in harems! Would *you* submit to the usages of such society?"

"Well! well! we don't call ourselves Hindus nor Turks; won't you pay some regard to *our* customs?"

"Well, indeed! we don't call ourselves slaves,

and won't you pay some regard to human rights; not man's rights, but *woman's* rights too?"

"And thus between one side and t'other,
The words flew thick as Thracian arrows."

"I see before me," said George Thompson, "that Spartan band of women who stood between me and death while I was in America. I cannot deny them their seats. Let them participate with us in this great and glorious work. Let their advice direct us. Let their sympathy and smiles encourage us. Let their devotion make us faithful."

"But," (from all sides except from the ladies), "they are out of their sphere; we would not exclude them from co-operating with us."

"Well, why deny us our seats, then?"

"We don't deny you your seats! Have you not got your seats? Are you not sitting in your seats?" (Certainly not; for they had all risen, to have a good point of observation

to know what was going on.) "No! we won't exclude them from this hallowed work." ("You *do*, you *do!*"); but we would have them co-operate with us as the women of England do—silently, but powerfully."

"'*Silently*, indeed! You would have us tongue-tied, would you?"

"No! not if we *could!*"

If you had been there, dear ——, you would have had no apprehensions that any member of the Convention was likely to be tongue-tied; though it would have helped the business of the meeting wonderfully if about five hundred tongues could have been tied.

"I blush to think," Dr. Bowring, the accomplished oriental scholar and elegant debater, observed, "that English philanthropists, who have had the sunshine of popular favour thrown around their path, and been loudly applauded for all their zeal, should so violate the high considerations of a lofty humanity, as to exclude from this Convention that noble band of women who have laboured so long and so

faithfully in America for the down-trodden slave—opposed as they have been by a thousand obstacles we have never been obliged to contend with—assailed by violence and covered with abuse; yet boldly and bravely defending the sublime principles of justice, mercy, and truth. What! tell women who have displayed a magnanimity and a high daring that Sparta's *sons* even might have been proud of in Sparta's best days; women, who have been foremost in danger, leading the van in the battles of humanity, that they cannot be permitted to sit down and mingle in our sympathies and councils, and exult with us over our triumphs! God forbid, that while all this is true, Englishmen, who have sung hozannas to their sovereign queen, who is the mistress of the bravest of us, should exclude the fearless and beautiful daughters of free and glorious America from sitting with us, side by side, in this Convention. If we deny them their request, we shall, on the threshold of our proceedings, do violence to the spirit of liberty which

brought us together, and draw down upon us the just indignation of the world."

Dr. Bowring's speech electrified the whole house. He resumed his seat amid loud and general cheering. The sympathies of the Convention were evidently on the side of the ladies; and if the question had been taken then, I am well satisfied they would have gained their point. But able and eloquent speakers followed on the other side, and they carried the Convention along with them.

The Rev. John Angel James, of Birmingham, was particularly eloquent. He closed his address by saying, "I hope, sir, the question will now be taken, that we may devote no more time to the discussion of a point which is, after all, a matter of little consequence. I am glad, and so is all England, to see the daughters of America in this Hall. I promise them, that wherever they go in their father-land, from Land's End to Johnny Groat's, they will find warm hearts ready to welcome them, and in the name of humanity to thank them for leav-

ing their homes to visit Great Britain, and cheer the friends of the negro race forward. Let us give the American ladies a post of honour in this Hall. Let us mingle our sympathies together over a prostrate race. Let us pour out our prayers at the cross of a common Saviour, for the salvation of a world he died to save. We claim no superiority above them; we are always glad to be excelled by them in the noble work of making our fellow-men free. They have laboured long and well; and they have their reward in approving conscience, the gratitude of enchained millions, the love of the whole philanthropic world, and the favour of Heaven. Let us now address ourselves to the great work before us—the rescue of prostrate humanity. And I hope and believe that the scene of confusion which we have witnessed here to-day will in the end have the same happy effect as those discords which are sometimes introduced by composers into their best pieces, only to render the harmony the sweeter." This was the substance of the speaker's remarks.

The effect was irresistible. It soothed the feelings of all parties, like oil poured on the troubled waters. By a large majority the ladies were defeated. But they bore their misfortune with so much meekness and grace (most of them), it was confessed by all that they had conquered, although for *once they lost their point.* Still, they ought not to complain; for the best historians in the Convention declared it to be the only instance of the kind recorded in the annals of the sex.

I was here introduced to the celebrated Mrs. Amelia Opie, who is now enjoying a green old age. She lives in Norwich, about 120 miles east of London, but, like everybody else, is spending "the season" in town. She long ago adopted the simple faith, and plain rich costume of the Society of Friends, and suppressed several of her fictitious works, from conscientious scruples in regard to the influence of such writings. But she is possessed of unbounded cheerfulness, and is certainly a delightful woman. I do not know her age,

but she must be more than seventy, I think, although her cheek still wears the rich bloom of earlier years.

I conversed with her a few minutes. She asked me what I thought of the "decision." I replied, that the ladies certainly could not be offended, although they probably did not consider themselves complimented by the vote; though I thought they should not complain of this solitary instance of defeat.

"Indeed," said she, "I feel a great sympathy for them, and I hope their feelings are not wounded. I think they are very noble women; but perhaps it was not very discreet to insist so strongly upon admission.

"It is very painful to think that your great and free republic should be desecrated by slavery. It is very lamentable. It is like some odious blemish on a beautiful painting; the eye *would* contemplate the beauties of the picture, but it cannot: the blemish fills the vision. Oh! I hope I shall live to see the day when there will not be a slave in all your

beautiful land. America has been the home of freedom; there is no such land on earth; and this makes it so indescribably painful to think that it is a land of slaves.

"You have never visited our country, I think, Madam?"

"No, I have not; but there is no part of the world which I so much desire to see. It is a great pleasure to meet so many Americans here on this grand occasion. I never looked forward to a public meeting with so much hope. I well remember, many years ago, when the first efforts were made by the friends of liberty for the suppression of the slave-trade. It was a dark day then for the world; and although philanthropists are very apt to be too sanguine, yet who in this assembly ever expected to see such a day as this? It is a very sublime spectacle, to see this representation of the philanthropy and piety of the world. What can be more grand than to contemplate the object which has called this Convention together? And that idea of O'Connell's was

so fine—that we would elevate the whole human race to the possession of liberty—it is an affecting thought.

"But you will come and see me, I trust; I want to converse with you about America, your authors, your scenery, your great men. I shall be most happy to see you at any time you can make it convenient to call. Do not think that age has quite frozen up my heart. Indeed, if it had, I think this Convention would make it green as spring-time again."

Affectionately yours,

London, June —, 1840.

DEAR ——,

TO-DAY Lady Byron and Mrs. Jamieson came into the Convention. I had the pleasure of an introduction to them, and also of listening to what was far more interesting to me than much of the business of the meeting—a deeply affecting account of the last illness and death of Lord Byron, from an American gentleman, who spent the winter of 1823-4, in Greece.

I think Lady Byron could never have been handsome, though there is an interesting and rather mournful expression upon her countenance. But her relation to Byron causes us to feel towards her as we feel towards few other persons. She is understood to be particularly intimate with Mrs. Jamieson. "Ada" a few years ago married Lord King, who has

since become the Earl of Lovelace. Mrs. Jamieson is finer looking by far than Lady Byron; indeed, she has one of the noblest countenances I ever saw.

"A sight of Lady Byron," said the American gentleman alluded to, "brings vividly to my mind the intercourse I had with Byron just before he died. I can give you an account of his last days, which I think will interest you.

"I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece; and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of his fit of epilepsy, which occurred the middle of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him by the hand of his negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to and proud of to the last.

"I found the poet in a weak and rather irritable state, but he treated me with the ut-

most kindness. He said that, at the time I first called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. 'But,' said he, 'had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the land of *liberty*: the only portion of God's green earth not desecrated by tyranny.'

"In our conversation, I alluded to the sympathy at that time felt in America for struggling Greece. All he at that time said, in reply, was, 'Poor Greece—poor Greece; once the richest land on earth; God knows I have tried to help thee.'

"You will remember that but a little while before this, Marco Botzaris had fallen. When I mentioned his name, Byron said, 'Marco Botzaris? He was as brave as an ancient Spartan. Perhaps he had the blood of Leonidas in his veins; I presume he had. But of this I am certain, he had as *good* blood as ever wetted the soil.'

"At his request, his servant then brought

him a rose-wood box, from which he took a letter, written to himself by that gallant chief. It was a warm-hearted welcome of Byron to Greece. 'There,' said the author of 'Childe Harold,' as he handed the precious relic to me: 'I would not part with that but to see the triumph of Greece. That glorious hero, but a few moments before he led his Suliot band forth to his last battle, wrote this letter to me in his tent. As he spoke these words, a heroic smile lit up his pale countenance, and I am sure I never saw such an expression on the face of mortal man as at that moment flashed from Byron's.

"Soon he fell back upon his couch, and wiping the cold sweat from his lofty forehead, once more exclaimed, 'Poor Greece! God bless thee and Ada! I only ask of Heaven two things; and Heaven *ought* to grant them —that Greece may become free, and Ada cherish my memory when I am dead.'

"I was surprised that Byron should so freely express his sentiments to a stranger;

but a little knowledge of the man explained it all. He was one who concealed nothing from friend or foe: he was fearless of the world, and open and independent to a fault.

"In a few days I received another note from him, requesting me to call, and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book, if I had it or could get it for him. As that is a book I always carry with me, I took it in my hand, and went once more to the illustrious poet's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said, 'Have you brought the Sketch Book?' I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm, he turned to the 'Broken Heart.'

"'That,' said he, 'is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But stay, do you know Irving?'

"I replied that I had never seen him.

"'God bless him!" exclaimed Byron; 'he is a genius; and he has something better than genius—a heart! I wish I could see him; but

I fear I never shall. Well, read—the 'Broken Heart'—yes, the 'Broken Heart.' What a word!'

"When I closed the first paragraph, I said to him, 'Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts?'

"'Yes,' exclaimed Byron, 'and so do I; and so does everybody but philosophers and fools.'

"I waited, whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on; for although the text is beautiful, yet I cared more for the commentary which came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the most touching portions of that mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his fine eyes upon me, and said,

"'You see me weep, sir; Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping; nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for the 'Broken Heart.'

"When I read the last line of Moore's verses at the close of the piece, Byron said,

"'What a being that Tom Moore is; and Irving, and Emmett, and his beautiful Love. What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to America for five reasons. I want to see Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to go to Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom, and I want to get your government to recognise Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece!'

"I have always been anxious to see Irving and describe this scene to him. He does not need even Byron's praise, I know; still I think it would please him; but in this wish I have never been gratified.

"I saw the Great Poet often, and never was with him half an hour without hearing him speak of Greece and his child—of both with

the deepest feeling. Byron was a very strange man; if he had only been as good as he was great! But he *was* good sometimes; and always better than the world have thought him.

"Those were the last days of Byron; and I shall always consider myself happy that I was permitted so often to be with him. I have, day after day, watched the workings of his lofty imagination, while he lay upon his couch or sat by his window, and deep, troubled thought lit up with an unearthly glow his beautiful features, or clouded them in gloom. It was a painful spectacle to see Byron's form wasting away by disease; and I never gazed upon him after we first met, without feeling as I think I should feel to see a powerful stream undermining in its progress the foundations of some classic temple.

"It was inexpressibly painful; but yet there was something very sublime in the struggle of his proud spirit with the advancing king of terrors. His full, bright eye, which sometimes

burned so restlessly, revealed a spirit free, tameless, and unconquerable as the proud ocean.

"At the time I did not doubt, nor have I ever since, that his death was hastened, if not directly caused, by the injudicious treatment of his medical council. Byron had partly recovered from his first attack, and was in the habit of riding on horseback almost every day. On the 9th of April he got very wet during his ride, and took a severe cold, which was attended by fever; still he rode out again in the afternoon of the following day, a few miles from town on his favourite horse, and this was the last time he ever left the house. A slow fever set in, and his symptoms continually grew worse.

"His medical attendant confidently told him that he was in no danger; that his disease was only a common cold. Mr. Fletcher, his confidential and excellent servant, informed me that in the early part of his master's illness he became alarmed, but that Byron himself did

not display much anxiety until he had been ill some days. The physician was often consulted by Byron and his servant minutely about the symptoms, and was confidently assured that there was no danger, that it was but a common cold.

"But the sick man knew it was not a common cold, and very often expressed the opinion, that the doctors did not understand his disease. Mr. Fletcher said he was very anxious to send to Zante for Dr. Thomas: for his master was all the time growing worse under the treatment of Dr. Bruno. This desire, with Byron's approbation, was made known to the council; and, for a time, they partially quieted the well-grounded fears of Fetcher and his master. In a day or two after, Fletcher again supplicated the attending physicians to let him send for Dr. Thomas, and was solemnly assured that his lordship would be better immediately. These stifled efforts were not again renewed until it was too late.

"But in regard to the treatment, I know it is common for friends of the dead to censure their physicians; and nothing can be more unjust when they do not deserve it. The conduct of Byron's physician, however, was exceedingly culpable in not permitting Dr. Thomas to be called. Besides, Byron was dosed from the beginning of his illness with strong purgative medicines—a great amount of blood was taken from him, which for a long time he firmly refused to have done. His system wasted rapidly; for, during the eight days of his illness he took no nourishment except a small quantity of broth, at two or three different times, and two spoonsful of arrow root, the day before his death.

"And yet it was only a 'common cold.' Well, if this were true, then the medical treatment killed him, and not the disease; and the physicians told Byron they were prescribing only for a cold. In either case, they are worthy of censure.

"On the seventh day of his illness, after

the most powerful purgatives had been resorted to, and he seemed to be rapidly declining, the physicians insisted upon taking blood; he reluctantly yielded, and one pound was taken from his right arm. Mr. Fletcher then renewed his prayer to send for Dr. Thomas, and was met by the reply, that his master would either be much better, or a dead man, before Dr. Thomas could come from Zante, for his lordship was sinking every hour. The physicians insisted upon bleeding again that same night, and told him that it would probably save his life. 'Oh!' said Byron, with a mournful countenance, 'I fear, gentlemen, you have entirely mistaken my disease; but there, take my arm and do as you like.' Infatuation, as well as obstinacy, seemed to conspire against the life of the illustrious patient.

"The next morning, although he was in a very feeble state, the doctors bled him again twice, and in both cases fainting fits followed the operation. At two o'clock this fatal operation was perform-

ed again; and thus he was hurried to the grave.

"From that time till his death, which occurred two days after, Byron often expressed great dissatisfaction with the course of treatment pursued by his physicians.

"The day before he died the faithful Fletcher, for the last time, implored his master to let him, even at that late hour, and without the knowledge of his physicians, send an express to Zante. 'Do so,' said Byron, 'but be quick; I wish you had sent sooner, for I know they have mistaken my disease.'

"Fletcher instantly sent for Dr. Thomas, and then informed the attending physicians, who said, 'You have done right;' for they had begun, when too late, to discover their error. When Fletcher returned to his master's room, Byron asked him if he had sent to Zante, 'You have done right,' he answered; 'if I must die, I want to know what is the matter with me.'

"'In a few hours,' said the faithful Fletcher,

as he related these facts to me, 'my master called me to his bedside and said, 'I begin to think I am going to die pretty soon, Fletcher; and I shall give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular to execute, if you love me!'

"Fletcher did love his master, and told him he would do every thing faithfully, and expressed the hope that he should not be called to part with him. 'Yes, you will,' said Byron: 'it's nearly over; I must tell you all without losing a moment. I see my time has come to die.'

"Fletcher wished to get a portfolio to write down his master's words. Byron called him back, exclaiming, 'Oh, my God! don't waste time in writing, for I have none to lose —now hear me—*you* will be provided for.' Fletcher begged him to go on to things of more consequence, and Byron continued; 'Oh, my poor, dear child! My dear Ada! My God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing, and my dear sister Augusta

and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron and say—tell her everything—*you* are friends with her'—and tears rolled down his emaciated face.

"Here his voice failed him, so that only now and then a word was audible. For sometime he muttered something very seriously, and finally, raising his voice, said, 'Now, Fletcher, if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible.'

"Poor Fletcher wept over his dying master, and told him he had not understood a word of what he had been last saying. 'Oh, my God!' said Byron, 'then all is lost; for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?' Fletcher said 'No; but do tell me again, *more clearly*, my lord!' 'How can I?' answered Byron; it's now too late, and all is over!' Fletcher replied, 'Not our will, but God's be done;' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done! but I will try once more;' and he made several efforts to speak; but, through the indistinct mutterings of the dying man

only a few broken accents could be distinguished, and they were about his wife and his child.

"After many ineffectual and painful efforts to make known his wishes, at the request of his friend, Mr. Parry, to compose himself, he shed tears, and apparently sunk into slumber, with an expression of grief and disappointment on his countenance. This was the commencement of the lethargy of death.

"I believe the last words the Great Poet ever spoke on earth were, 'I must sleep now!' How full of meaning these words were. Yes, he had laid himself down to his last sleep! For twenty-four hours not a hand or a foot of the sleeper was seen to stir; although that heart, which had been the home of such wild and deep feeling, still continued to beat on. Yet it was evident to all around his bedside that 'the angel of death' had spread his dark wings over Byron's pillow.

"On the evening of the 19th of April he opened his fine eye for the last time, and

closed it peacefully, without any appearance of pain. 'Oh, my God!' exclaimed the kind Fletcher, 'I fear my master is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone!'

"It is impossible to describe the sensation produced at Missolonghi by the death of Lord Byron. All Greece, too, was plunged in tears. Every public demonstration of respect and sorrow was paid to his memory, by firing minute guns, closing all public offices and shops, and suspending the usual Eastern festivities, and by a general mourning, and funeral prayers in all the churches. His body was embalmed by the physicians, and preparations were made for taking it to England.

"A few days after his death, his honoured remains were borne to the church where the body of Marco Botzaris was buried. The coffin was a rude chest of wood; a black mantle was his only pall; and over it were placed a helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurel.

"Here the bier rested for two days; and

around it gathered a thousand noble hearts who had loved the generous poet.

"I stood by that coffin a long time; and more tears were shed over it than I ever saw fall upon the dust of a great man. But the simple-hearted, grateful people who crowded the church loved him, not as the author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, but as the disinterested Benefactor of Greece. A detachment of his own brigade guarded his body. There was something indescribably more affecting and sublime in this spectacle than in the gorgeous display which usually attends the funeral obsequies of the great.

"I remained in the church until the shadows of night had fallen around that solemn place; and there could be seen the rude forms of the descendants of Platæa relieved against the walls, their armour gleaming in the uncertain light of the wax candles burning before the altar, and in the centre of the church a group of emancipated Greeks bending over that illustrious dust. It was

all in keeping with the poet's own wild, wayward soul.

"I have known but few I loved so well as Byron; and from his kindness to me, stranger as I was, I felt that I had lost a friend."

After listening to this affecting narrative, I felt little like remaining in a crowd; and taking my companion's arm, we cast one glance upon her whom Byron once loved so well, and left the hall.—"Poor Byron!"

Affectionately yours,

*To William Ellery Channing, D.D.*

Manchester, 1840.

"SIR,

THERE is no man who feels a deeper or more generous sympathy than yourself for humanity in its sorrows, struggles, and advancement; no one who has more faith in its capacity for elevation, or respect for its greatness. I do not address this letter to you because I expect to be able to communicate any information of which you are not already possessed; nor have I supposed I could reflect any new lustre upon your genius or your fame: far from it. I do it because the matters upon which I shall speak so immediately affect the interests of millions of the race, to whose redemption you have devoted your best powers, and so large a portion of your life.

If we may judge of your heart by the spirit of your writings, that beautiful saying of Terence is as true of you, as of him to whom it was first applied:

Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.

Besides, the philosophy which you have gained from no shallow meditation or common learning, will enable you to decide if my remarks are entitled to any consideration.

The deep depression of the mass of the English people has surprised and grieved me exceedingly, since I have been in Great Britain. In common with every other American, I had long known that great abuses existed in the government of this country, and that the poverty, ignorance, and suffering of the lower classes were extreme; but I was not prepared to find such a state of things as I have witnessed.

I think Americans, generally, have no adequate idea of the wretchedness of the poor of Great Britain. Tourists have passed in

coaches, or in private carriages, over the smooth roads and along the hawthorn hedge-rows of this beautiful land; they have seen the gray towers and pinnacles of old castles and churches rising from verdant lawns or crowning green hills; they have told us much about parks and pleasure-grounds, gardens and ruins; they have spoken of the moss-covered cottages of the peasantry—"Trellises nailed between the little windows; roses quite over-shadowing the low doors; the painted fence enclosing the hand's breadth of grassplat; very, oh! *very* sweet faces bent over laps full of work, beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains. It was all home-like and amiable; there was an *affectionateness* in the mere out-side of every one of them; and the soul of neatness pervaded them all;" and, to crown the picture, rosy-cheeked children were sporting away life's early morn amid fragrance and flowers. At every step the traveller witnessed some new landscape of rural peace and beauty. We have dwelt upon these descriptions till the

very heart ached to gaze on scenes of so much loveliness.

England furnishes us with numberless luxuries; we are clothed like princes in her rich fabrics; and such bright images of commercial prosperity and agricultural plenty crowd upon the mind when we think of our "father-land," that we fancy it must be a paradise. A paradise indeed it is for the higher classes.

In no country on earth is there such a field for enjoyment and luxury. Everything which wealth can purchase, or ingenuity invent, is brought to the doors of English magnates. Their houses are surrounded by gardens in which cool fountains are playing, and where flowers, brought from every land, are courted by artificial heat and the tenderest care, to bloom in this cold region. There is not a climate, from the equator to the poles, that does not send its delicacies to the homes of the rich. On every side, the Englishman finds choice books, museums of science, and literary society. Nothing is left unsatisfied but the feverish de-

sire for something which even an English home cannot gratify. And these are the pictures travellers have presented to us.

It it has been well said by an Englishman himself, that "To talk of English happiness is like talking of Spartan freedom—the Helots are overlooked."

But the mass of hearts beat in the bosoms of the poor, whose every desire is ungratified but the wish to hide away in the still, kind grave, from

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely."

In no other country can such wealth be acquired. But it is here that one grows rich by the labour of the hundred; and that hundred as wonderfully fashioned by nature; with hearts which can feel as deep anguish and as pure joy; all made by the same kind Father; and regarded with the same love by "Him who is no respecter of persons." To enrich the few, the many are sacrificed. One painful consideration affects the mind of every American,

whenever he contemplates the condition of the mass of the English people. The government, with its privileges and protection; the throne, with its power and patronage; the institutions for science and truth; and those facilities for happiness and elevation, which have sprung from a high civilization, all are intended for the *few*. The majority receive no more advantage from these things than as though they had never been.

He must be a superficial observer of the state of society here, who does not discover that, just in proportion as the higher classes advance in wealth, power and influence, so are the poor depressed. What is gained by the few is lost by the many. If the landholder grows rich, his pockets are filled by the odious and unjust tax upon the necessaries of life, which falls chiefly upon the poor. If the Manchester manufacturer amasses a colossal fortune by underselling his competitors, in every market in the world, it is perhaps because his dependant operatives do not receive a fair com-

pensation for their labour. If a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland throws up his commission after a month's administration, and retires to a château on the continent on £5000 a-year, this sum is wrung from the starving peasantry of that Island.

It would have been far better for the *poor* of England if their country had never attained her present commercial eminence; for every step of her advancement has crushed them deeper in poverty. You will, of course, sir, not understand me to apply these remarks *universally*: I am speaking of a general principle.

One of the chief elements of slavery mingles in the condition of the English operative; he does not receive a fair equivalent for his labour; and, in addition, unjust legislation places a tax upon the necessaries of life so high, that a very large proportion of his scanty wages goes to his oppressors.

The life of an English operative is a perpetual scene of suffering and wrong. He enters upon his task-work while he is yet a child.

In his infancy he begins to fall under the curse which this state of society inflicts. Let me here quote the words of Southey in Espriella's Letters—a work with which you are familiar: "They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment; of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges; of fresh air by day and of natural sleep by night. Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work; by confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms; by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up wtihout decency, without comfort, and without hope, without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves, like themselves, to tread in the same path of misery.

"The dwellings of the labouring manufacturers are in narrow streets and lanes, blockaded from light and air; crowded together, because every inch of land is of such value that room for light and air cannot be afforded them.

Here in Manchester, a great proportion of the poor lodge in cellars damp and dark, where every kind of filth is suffered to accumulate, because no exertions of domestic care can ever make such homes decent. Those places are so many hot-beds of infection, and the poor in large towns are rarely or never without a contagious fever among them; a plague of their own, which leaves the habitations of the rich, like a Goshen of cleanliness and comfort, unvisited.

"Wealth flows into the country, but how does it circulate there? Not equally and healthfully through the whole system; it sprouts into wens and tumours, and collects in aneurisms, which starve and palsy the extremities. The government, indeed, raises millions as easily as it raised thousands in the days of Elizabeth; the metropolis is six times the size which it was a century ago; it has nearly doubled during the present reign (1802). A thousand carriages drive about the streets of London, where, three generations ago, there were not a

hundred; a thousand hackney-coaches are licensed in the same city, where, at the same distance of time, there was not one; they whose grandfathers dined at noon from wooden trenchers, and from the produce of their own farms, sit down by the light of waxen tapers to be served upon silver, and to partake of delicacies from the four quarters of the globe.

"But the numbers of the poor and the sufferings of the poor have continued to increase; the price of everything they consume has always been advancing, and the price of labour, the only commodity they have to dispose of, remains the same. Workhouses are erected in one place, and infirmaries in another; the poor-rates increase in proportion to the taxes; and in times of dearth the rich even purchase food, and retail it to them at a reduced price, or supply them with it gratuitously; still every year adds to their number.

"Necessity is the mother of crime; new prisons are built, new punishments are enacted; but the poor become year after year more nu-

merous, more miserable, and more depraved; and this is the inevitable tendency of the manufacturing system."

Perhaps it should have been added, "as it is now conducted in Great Britain;" for all true political economists know, that labour becomes valuable and productive, in proportion as the labouring classes advance in physical improvement. It is poor economy for a nation to wear out the bones and muscles of its labourers by oppressive taxes and prostrating toil; since it must in the end impoverish the people which inflicts the wrong.

One of the sages of Greece observed, "Show me a country where a people are happy, and I will at the same time show you one where they are virtuous." A celebrated forger, who was executed in London not long ago, remarked in a letter to a friend before he committed the deed which cost him his life, "I must have money from you, or *do worse*; for God knows I cannot *starve*."

The words of Southey have a still deeper

meaning now than when they were first written: "New prisons are built, and new punishments are enacted." Society feels in every part the pressure of the emergency. Millions are given in charity; thousands of poor children are educated in private schools by the benevolence of the good; hundreds of thousands emigrate to America, and the foreign possessions of the empire; waste lands are reclaimed; a stupendous system of domestic industry employs millions of operatives; every expedient that individuals and government can devise is resorted to, but the poor are becoming "more numerous, more miserable, and more depraved."

Chartism numbers its million and a half on one single petition to Parliament; trades'-unions are more numerous, and the masses are becoming more and more difficult to control.

Many of the middle classes, and a few among the aristocracy, do what they can to remedy the present evils. But what substantial relief

can the starving millions of England experience from the charities of the few?

These charities are often generous; but when government assumes the protection of the people, is it expected that liberal individuals, by extending private aid to a few, can remedy the present evils? A humane and Christian nobleman may employ five hundred of the idle and the poor, who can buy bread with their labour nowhere else, in cutting down a hill to improve his landscape, and feed and clothe them and their wives and children; this is well, for there is more benevolence in giving to the poor labour and its reward, than there is in supporting them in idleness. Some benevolent and rich lady may gather a hundred orphans or indigent children into a charity school; it is noble, and the God of the poor will bless her for it for ever.

Subscription-lists may tell of thousands of pounds raised to feed the needy, in times of scarcity of bread, and of commercial distress; and every town and village may have its charita-

ble institution, in some instances patronised by the aristocracy; but what does all this avail, so long as five times the amount thus given to the poor is again wrung from them by a cruel bread-tax, which takes food from their mouths to swell the incomes of the land-owners; or by poor-rates, to feed the millions who have been made paupers by this very taxation system?

Show me a man who, in the decline of life, falls upon his parish for support in the work-house, and I will show you a man who has been compelled to labour half his days to sustain the present system, which has made him a pauper at last—a man who, with the same labour and economy, would have accumulated in America an independent estate, and reared up a beautiful and well-educated family to smooth his down-hill steeps of age, comfort him in sickness, and close his eyes in death's peaceful sleep. There can be no doubt that it costs the poor man five times as much to be a subject of Great Britain, if he lives on this

island, as it would if he were a citizen of the United States.

Is there any benevolence in giving shelter to the broken-down operative to come and die, when his overstrained muscles at length give way? or in answering his cry for bread by telling him to emigrate to America? Is there even JUSTICE in it?

Carlyle, that acute observer, that lover of the right and the true, that hater of shams and wrong, that strange being, "who dares do all that may become a man"—in his "Chartism," observes: "The master of horses, when the summer labour is done, has to feed his horses through the winter. If he said to his horses, 'Quadrupeds, I have no longer work for you, but work exists abundantly over the world; are you ignorant (or must I read you political economy lectures) that the steam-engine always, in the long run, creates additional work? Railways are forming in one quarter of the earth, canals in another; much cartage is wanted somewhere in Europe, Asia, Africa,

or America; doubt it not, ye will find cartage; go and seek cartage, and good go with you. They, with protrusive upper lip, snort dubious, signifying that Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, lie somewhat out of their beat; that what cartage may be wanted there, is not too well known to them. *They* can find no cartage. They gallop distracted along highways, all fenced in to the right and to the left; finally, under pains of hunger, they take to leaping fences, eating foreign property, and—we know the rest. Ah! it is not a joyful mirth; it is sadder than tears, the laugh humanity is forced to at *Laissez-faire*, applied to poor peasants in a world like our Europe of the year 1839."

No; I am quite disposed to think, that the horse which has worked through his working life, is justly entitled to something to eat when he can work no more. So thinks the slave-holder, who supports his worn-out servants. One would laugh him in the face to hear him talk of the *charity* of the act. Indeed, in six

Southern States, I have never heard a word about the *charity* of it. I have heard some zealous advocate of slavery at the North say something about it, but never without raising a laugh at the misnomer.

The English workhouses are reckoned among the "Charities." Perhaps it would be well to find for them some other name. Some of these workhouses do, indeed, afford comfortable homes for the poor, as the word comfort is defined, in the vocabulary of men who have learned to dispense with a greater part of what other men call the necessaries of life. But there is nothing so painful, I find, to a man of spirit and sensibility, as the thought of being one day compelled to enter a workhouse. It is a dark cloud, that hangs on the vision of every poor man in England, when he looks into the future.

These workhouses are often the scenes of great cruelty, privation, and suffering. The description which that master painter of human wo, Charles Dickens, has given of the work-

house, will not do, we all know, for the majority of them; but it will do for many. You have read Parliamentary reports, books, pamphlets, etc, on this subject; conversed with those who are familiar with it; perhaps witnessed the workhouse system in England with your own eyes. You are aware that in many instances the keepers speculate on the stomachs of parish paupers; keeping them upon short or damaged food; denying them many of the most common necessaries of life, and all its comforts.

Instances are not few in which the inmates of these houses die in lonely, filthy chambers, by night, without medical aid; without an attendant; without even a rush-light to flicker over their pillows, while they are passing through death's struggles. The selfish avarice of the keeper combines with the *interest* of the parish to shorten the pauper's days, and to rid themselves of the thankless burden as quickly as possible. To accomplish this, the cords of life are cut asunder by cold neglect and barbarous treatment.

All that is known about such cases is, that the prayer of the dying pauper is often denied, when he asks that the physician may come to him, or some one watch by his bed; or the minister of religion be called to breathe out a prayer for his soul; or, if he is to be left entirely alone while the soul is breaking away from its shattered house, that they will have mercy and bring a light, that the darkness of night may not mingle with the death shades of the grave, as they settle over his bed of rags.

In the morning they go to his chamber, and find that he is dead. It causes no grief; no friend was with him when he died—but God. A rough coffin is ordered—price *7s. 6d.*—the body is taken away, and that is the end of the pauper; his dying groan heard only by the ear of a merciful God; over his grave no tear of affection is shed; no monument ever rises; and in a little while no one but He whose all-seeing eye notices the falling sparrow, can tell whose grave it is where the pauper sleeps.

The workhouse is a gloomy place for the

poor to go to; it is one of the most dismal places I ever entered. In the best of them England does not pay back to the pauper half of what the law has taken from his former earnings. It would be a difficult matter, I apprehend, to find many persons in the parish workhouse who have not paid far more to support the government which has impoverished them, than the parish pays for their support, when they can work no longer.

For any who may think I exaggerate the miseries of these places, I will quote a short description from the writings of Southey: "When the poor are incapable of contributing any longer to their own support, they are removed to what is called the workhouse. I cannot express to you the feeling of hopelessness and dread, with which all the decent poor look on to this wretched termination of a life of labour. To this place all vagrants are sent for punishment; unmarried women with child go here to be delivered; and poor orphans and base-born children are brought up here till

they are of age to be apprenticed off: the other inmates are those unhappy people who are utterly helpless—parish idiots and madmen, the blind and the palsied, and the old who are fairly worn out. It is not in the nature of things that the superintendents of such institutions as these should be gentle-hearted, when the superintendence is undertaken merely for the salary. There are always enough competitors for the management, among those people who can get no better situation; but, whatever kindness of disposition they may bring with them to the task, it is soon perverted by the perpetual sight of depravity and of suffering. The management of children who grow up without one natural affection, where there is none to love them, and, consequently, none whom they can love, would alone be sufficient to sour a happier disposition than is usually brought to the government of a workhouse.

"To this society of wretchedness the labouring poor of England look, as their last resting-place on this side the grave; and, rather than enter abodes so miserable, they

endure the severest privations as long as it is possible to exist. A feeling of honest pride makes them shrink from a place where guilt and poverty are confounded: and it is heart-breaking for those, who have reared a family of their own, to be subjected, in their old age, to the harsh and unfeeling authority of persons younger than themselves, neither better born nor better bred. They dread, also, the disrespectful and careless funeral, which public charity, or, rather, law bestows; and many a wretch denies himself the few sordid comforts within his reach, in order that he may hoard up enough to purchase a more decent burial, a better shroud, or a firmer coffin than the parish will afford."

No! let things be called by their right names; this is not Charity. I love the generous spirit which prompts private individuals to do all they can, to relieve the suffering, and enlighten the ignorance of the lower classes; but, the vast sum raised by private munificence is not worthy to be compared with the enor-

mous amount which the law wrings from these same classes.

It will be said that such persons should bear their share of burdens imposed by the state, for the protection of its citizens and the administration of its affairs. True: but I claim they bear *vastly more* than their share; and the sums which they pay to the government above what they ought to pay, would in the aggregate make a fund more than sufficient for the comfortable support of all the paupers in England: a fund which would furnish them the comforts as well as necessaries of life; would educate their children, and elevate the whole labouring class.

After all that is said, then, about the humane provision for the parish poor, they are great sufferers. All they receive from private beneficence, or the parish, is no recompense for the injustice they endure, although great credit should, I admit, be awarded to their private benefactors.

I suppose there is no land where so much money is raised by voluntary contribution for

humane objects; neither is there a land where the government imposes such heavy burdens upon its subjects.

I will now allude to her system of domestic industry. I have visited some of the principal manufacturing towns in the kingdom; and by spending two weeks in Manchester and its immediate neighbourhood, I have had an opportunity of somewhat carefully examining the Factory System, and the condition of the operatives.

I need not speak of the excellence of the machinery or of the work: it is well known that the English manufacturers have reduced almost every department of mechanism to what seems to be absolute perfection. But one cares little for the beauty of machinery, or its creations, when he sees the human frame in ruins. It cannot be forgotten, that as manufactures have gone up, the operatives have gone down.

This general principle may be applied to the whole system of British manufactures; and it is a truth no candid man, who has investigated the subject, will question, that while the work is made perfect, the workman is destroyed.

But to be more particular. Manchester is the largest manufacturing town in Great Britain; and in size and population the second city in the kingdom, having nearly the same number of inhabitants as New York. "Imagine this multitude crowded together in narrow streets, the houses all built of brick and blackened with smoke; frequent buildings among them as large as convents, without their antiquity, without their beauty, without their holiness; where you hear from within, as you pass along, the everlasting din of machinery; and where, when the bell rings, it is to call wretches to their work instead of their prayers: imagine this, and you have the materials for a picture of Manchester."

I went through several of the largest mills, and some of the smaller ones. In every instance the proprietors and overlookers, who led me round, wished me to look at every thing through *their* eyes. But having a good pair of my own, to which I was more accustomed, I chose to use them. In many of the mills, there were certain large rooms crowded with operatives (I was

told), which, for reasons best known to the proprietors, I was not permitted to enter. I can easily imagine that a person may go through many an English factory, without seeing much of the evil of the system. An intelligent gentleman, who is familiar with it in all its parts, accompanied me, and pointed out many things which I should not otherwise have observed, and which I shall not soon forget; for I saw much that spoke of sorrow, ignorance, and gloom.

A certain writer says there is a plant in the East Indies, called *Veloutier* by the French, which exhales an odour very agreeable at a distance, but which becomes less so as it is approached, until its smell is insupportably loathsome. Alcetas himself could not have imagined an emblem more appropriate to the manufacturing system of Great Britain. As we contemplate it from our side of the Atlantic, it seems to be the glory of England, ministering not only to our own luxury, as well as to the wealth of the proprietors, but to the comfort of vast multitudes who are by it furnished with

labour and the reward which industry brings. But the deep poverty and the tears of the operatives we know nothing of.

Not a day in the year passes that the sails of commerce are not unfurled to bear the manufactured goods of England to foreign countries. Of this England boasts. And well she might, if those astonishing creations of human skill were not the price of blood. The Lancashire manufacturers told us, with an air of exultation worthy of a better cause, "There is no idleness among us here; you see the discipline, the machinery, the division of labour; we are proud of our skill and industry; we clothe the world;" and they might have added, "strip and starve our labourers to do it."

Bnt nothing has given me so much pain as to see the utter ruin this system entails upon *children*. The introduction of labour-saving machinery created a great demand for the labour of children. They can now accomplish as much for their masters in one day, by machinery, as strong men could formerly in many;

and they work for a few pence a day, and board themselves. I have seen one estimate from high authority, stating that the number of children, of both sexes, under the age of eighteen, engaged in the cotton, wool, silk, and flax manufactures of *England alone*, is above two hundred thousand; and the whole number of persons employed in the different branches of these four manufactures in Great Britain, is estimated at two millions. But Mr. Baines computes the number of persons directly employed in the manufacture of cotton alone, with those immediately dependant upon them for subsistence, at a million and a half. It should be remembered that this estimate embraces only the operatives in four branches of the great manufacturing system.

The number of persons engaged in the British coal-trade is said to be above 140,000; one third of whom spend their days under ground, working in the mines. They are a stunted and deformed race of men. Being obliged, in doing their work, to keep themselves

in a cramped and unnatural position so much of the time, they become crooked, and even in their common gait walk as though they were crushed down with heavy burdens.

Accidents in coal-mines frequently occur, arising principally from explosions of inflammable gas. The Committee of the House of Commons appointed to examine into the condition of the colliers, reported that they had ascertained that 2070 lives had been lost in twenty-five years by these explosions. In no instance had a person in the mines survived the accident to tell how it arose. Mr. Buddle, of Wallsend, an extremely well-informed coal engineer, says that "the number of persons employed *under ground* on the Tyne are, men, 4937; boys, 3554."

There are more than 400 furnaces in Great Britain, employing directly in the production of iron 75,000 persons, and the business provides subsistence for a million. The aggregate amount of iron produced in the year 1839 was 800,000 tons. In the preparation of salt, alum,

and other minerals, vast numbers of persons are engaged. The whole number employed in the production of all sorts of iron, hardware, and cutlery articles, is estimated at 350,000. In the manufacture of jewellery, earthen and glass ware, paper, woollen stuffs, distilled and fermented liquors, &c., the numbers employed are very great.

There is not a branch of this immense system of manufacture, in which there is not a painful sacrifice of health and life. The ignorance, vice, disease, deformity, and wretchedness of the English operatives, *as a body*, almost exceed belief. The philanthropists of England should relax nothing in their exertions for the emancipation of the millions still held in bondage in their foreign possessions; but, I am persuaded that the physical miseries of the English operatives are greater, by far, than those which the West India slaves suffered before their emancipation.

The hundreds of thousands of a tender age, employed in all these various branches of manu-

facture, are, in all cases, the children of the poor: many of them the children of paupers, apprenticed to the proprietors of factories by the parish authorities; for, when the father goes to the workhouse, he has no longer any voice in the management of his children. They are separated at the will of the parish. It is said that this class, which is very numerous, fare harder than any other, which can readily be believed.

They are, to all intents and purposes, as absolutely under the control of their masters as though they were slaves. There is hardly an instance in which the law ever interferes for their protection, let the abuse be what it may. They are too ignorant to understand their rights, and too weak to assert them; they are trained up to one single branch of labour, and for ever disqualified for everything else; they are neither instructed in science, religion, nor the common business and economy of life. The following conversation with the proprietor of a mill in Manchester is related by Southey:

"'We are well off for hands in Manchester,' said Mr. ——; 'manufactures are favourable to population; the poor are not afraid of having a family here; the parishes, therefore, have always plenty to apprentice, and we take them as fast as they can supply us. In new manufacturing towns they find it difficult to get a supply. Their only method is to send people round the country to get children from their parents. Women usually undertake this business; they promise the parents to provide for the children; one party is glad to be eased of a burden, and it answers well to the other to find the young ones in food, lodging, and clothes, and receive their wages.' 'But if these children should be ill used?' said I. 'Sir,' he replied, 'it can never be the *interest* of the women to use them ill, nor of the manufacturer to permit it.'"

And so it could be said, that it is never for the interest of men to do wrong, and oppress their fellow-men. If there be a class of persons obtained for selfish purposes, and reduced

to the condition of mere instruments in the hands of their masters, it is the English apprentices.

Some years ago, the cruelties inflicted upon factory children aroused the indignation of several distinguished individuals, who brought the matter before Parliament; and the Reports of the Investigating Committees, as well as the facts brought out by others interested in the matter, convincingly show that the most shocking inhumanities are practised upon these poor children.

I will extract a few paragraphs from one of these Reports.

*Evidence of Eliza Marshall.*—"Eliza Marshall lives at Leeds; worked at ———'s factory. Am seventeen years old. Father dead. Sister and self did what we could to support mother. Have cried many an hour in the factory. Could scarcely get home; sometimes had to be 'trailed home. I have an *iron on my right leg*, and my knee is contracted. Worked in great pain and misery. I was

straight before. Sister carried me up to bed many a time. The surgeon says it is with long standing at the mill, and that the *marrow is quite dried up*, and will never be formed again."

*Evidence of Stephen Binns.*—"Stephen Binns stated, I have worked in Mr. ———'s factory. The work produces deformity. It lames the children. The work exacted from the children is all that can possibly be done. It cannot be done without resorting to flogging. It is an offence for any one to speak to another. The water used for hot spinning is heated to 110 or 120 degrees. The children have almost continually to plunge their hands and arms in that water. The heat of the rooms and the steam almost macerate their bodies, and their clothes are steamed and wet. If they fall sick, they are turned adrift directly, without wages, without provision. If a girl complain of ill-usage, she is discharged immediately, without any redress. The present system is ruining the rising generation.

It is sacrificing the children for a paltry consideration !"

*Evidence of Samuel Downe.* — " Samuel Downe. I was ten years old when I began to work at Mr. ———'s mill at Shrewsbury. We began at five in the morning, and worked till eight at night. The engine never stopped, except forty minutes at dinner-time. The children were kept awake by a blow or a box. Very considerable severity was used in that mill. I was strapped most severely till I could not bear to sit upon a chair without having pillows; and I was forced to lie upon my face in bed at one time, and through that I left. I was strapped on my legs, and then I was put upon a man's back and strapped, and then I was strapped and buckled with two straps to an iron pillar and flogged. After that the overlooker took a piece of tow, twisted it in the shape of a cord, and put it in my mouth, and tied it behind my head; he thus gagged me. We were thus beaten. We were never allowed to sit down. Young women were beaten as well as young men."

*Evidence of an Overlooker.*—"The overlooker, examined, says: he walks around the room with a stick in his hand, and if a child falls drowsy over his work, he touches that child on the shoulder, and conducts it to an iron cistern which is filled with water. He then takes the child (heedless of sex) by the legs, and dips it overhead in the cistern, and sends it to its work. In that condition the child labours for the remainder of the day. That is the punishment for drowsiness! * * * * We have a vast number of cripples. Some are cripples from losing their limbs, many from standing too long. It first begins with a pain in the ankle; after that they will ask the overlooker to let them sit down; but they must not. Then they begin to be weak in the knee, then knock-kneed; after that their feet turn out, they become splay-footed, and their ankles swell as big as my fists. I know many deformed in the manner described."

*Evidence of David Bywater.*—"Were you

afterwards taken to the steaming department?"

"Yes."

"At what age?"

"I believe I was thirteen then."

"Is that a laborious department?"

"Yes."

"At what age were you when you entered upon the night-work?"

"I was nearly fourteen."

"Will you state to the committee the labour which you endured when you were put upon long hours, and when the night-work was added?"

"I started at one o'clock on Monday morning, and went on till twelve o'clock on Tuesday night."

"You say you were taken to be a steamer; are not very stout, healthy youth usually selected for that purpose?"

"Yes; the overlooker said he thought I should be the strongest."

"Were you perfect in your limbs when

you undertook that long and excessive labour?"

"Yes, I was."

"What effect did it produce upon you?"

"It brought a weakness on me: I felt my knees quite ache."

"Had you pain in your limbs and all over your body?"

"Yes."

"Show what effect it had upon your limbs?"

"It made me very crooked." Here the witness showed his knees and legs.

"Are your thighs also bent?"

"Yes, the bone is quite bent."

"How long was it after you had to endure this long labour before your limbs felt in that way?"

"I was very soon told of it before I found it out myself."

"What did they tell you?"

"They told me I was getting very crooked in the knees; my mother found it out first."

"What did she say about it?"

"She said I should kill myself with working so long at a time."

"If you had refused to work those long hours, and wished to have worked a moderate length of time only, should you have been retained in your situation?"

"I should have had to go home; I should have been turned off directly."

These miserable young slaves have no power of choice; for if they, or their parents for them, *refuse*, they are instantly turned off to literal starvation; no parish assistance being allowed to those who resist the regulations of the manufacturers.

"Whenever our boasted trade flows briskly," says Mrs. Trollope, in the story of Michael Armstrong, "they are compelled to stand to their work for just as many hours as the application of the overlooker's strap or billy-roller can keep them on their legs. Innumerable instances are on record of children falling from excess of weariness on the machinery, and *being called to life by its las-*

*cerating their flesh.* It continually happens that young creatures, under fifteen years of age are kept from their beds all night. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen hours of labour out of the twenty-four, are cases which recur continually, and I need not say with what effect upon these victims of ferocious avarice.

"Two hundred thousand little creatures created by the abounding mercy of God, with faculties for enjoyment so perfect that no poverty, short of actual starvation, can check their joy, so long as innocence and liberty be left them; two hundred thousand little creatures, for whose freedom from toil, during their tender years, the awful voice of nature has gone forth, to be snatched away, living and feeling, from the pure air of heaven, while the beautiful process is going on by which their delicate fabric gradually strengthens into maturity; taken for ever, from all with which their Maker has surrounded them, for the purpose of completing his own noblest work; taken and lodged amid stench, and stunning, terrifying

tumult; driven to and fro till their little limbs bend under them, hour after hour, and day after day; the repose of a moment to be purchased only by yielding their tender bodies to the fist, the heel, or the strap of the overlooker!"

This is almost as shocking as anything Mrs. Trollope found in the "Domestic Manners of the Americans."

Let me beg your attention, dear sir, for a moment longer, to this terrible history of early suffering, developed in the evidence on the Factory Bill.

*Evidence of Elden Hargrave.*—"In attending to this machine, are you not always upon the stretch and upon the move?"

"Yes, always."

"Do you not use your hand a good deal in stretching it out?"

"Yes."

"What effect had this long labour upon you?"

"I had a pain across my knees and I got crooked."

"Was it in the back of your knees, or the side of your knees?"

"All round."

"Will you show your limbs?"

Here the witness exposed her legs and knees.

"Were your knees ever straight at any time?"

"They were straight before I went to Mr. ——'s mill."

"You say you worked for *seventeen hours a day all the year round!* did you do that without interruption?"

"Yes."

"Could you attend any day or night school."

"No."

"Can you write?"

"No."

"Can you read?"

"I can read a little in a spelling-book."

"Where did you learn that? Did you go to a Sunday-school?"

"No; I had no clothes to go in."

*Evidence of Mr. Thomas Daniel, relative to the boys called Scavengers.*—"You have stated

that there is considerable difference in the ages of the children employed; are the younger or the older of the children employed those that have to undergo the greatest degree of labour and exertion?"

"The younger."

"Those you call scavengers?"

"Yes, scavengers and middle-piecers."

"Will you state their average age?"

"The average age of scavengers will not be more than ten years."

"Describe to the committee the employment of those scavengers."

"Their work is to keep the machines, while they are going clean, from all kinds of dust and dirt that may be flying about, and they are in all sorts of positions to come at them; I think that their bodily exertion is more than they are able to bear, for they are constantly kept in a state of activity."

"Have they not to clean the machines, and to creep under, and run round them, and to change and accommodate their position in

every possible manner, in order to keep those machines in proper order?"

"They are in all sorts of postures that the human body is capable of being put into, to come at the machines."

"Are they not peculiarly liable to accidents, then?"

"In many instances, they are; but not so much now as they formerly were; spinners take more care and more notice of the children than they formerly did."

"Do you think that they are capable of performing that work for the length of time that you have described?"

"Not without doing them a serious injury with respect to their health and their bodily strength."

"*State the effect that it has upon them, according to your own observation and experience.*"

"*Those children, every moment they have to spare, will be stretched at their length upon the floor in a state of perspiration, and we are*

*obliged to keep them up to the work by using either a strap, or some harsh language, and they are kept continually in a state of agitation; I consider them to be constantly in a state of grief, though some of them cannot shed tears; their condition greatly depresses their spirits.*"

"They live in a state of constant apprehension, and often in one of terror?"

"They are always in terror; and I consider that that does them as much injury as their labour, their minds being in a constant state of agitation and fear."

"You consider, then, upon the whole, their state as one of extreme hardship and misery?"

"So much so, that I have made up my mind that my children shall never go into a factory, more especially as scavengers and piecers."

"What do you mean by saying that those children are always in a state of terror and fear?"

"The reason of their being in a state of terror and fear is, that we are obliged to have our work done, and we are compelled, there-

fore, to use the strap, or some harsh language, though it hurts my feelings often to do so, for I think it is heart-breaking to the poor child."

"Do not you think that their labour is more aggravating to them at the end of the day?"

"I do; for we have to be more harsh with them at the latter part of the day than in the middle part of it. The greatest difficulty that we have to contend with, in point of making them do their labour, is in the morning and after four o'clock in the afternoon. The long hours that they have laboured the day before, in my opinion, cause them to be very sleepy in the morning."

"Have you observed them to be drowsy in the after part of the day?"

"Very much so."

You cannot have failed, dear sir, to have examined most thoroughly a question of such deep interest as this. You are also aware that I could multiply extracts like these from every page of what Bulwer calls "this huge

calendar of childish suffering." "Thus prepared and seasoned for the miseries of life," says the humane author alluded to, "the boy enters upon manhood—aged while yet youthful—and compelled by premature exhaustion to the dread relief of artificial stimulus. Gin, not even the pure spirit, but its dire adulteration—opium—narcotic drugs; these are the horrible cements with which he repairs the rents and chasms of a shattered, macerated frame. He marries; and becomes in his turn the reproducer of new sufferers.—A government should represent a parent; *with us it only represents a dun with a bailiff at his heels!*"

These fearful pictures remind one of the outrageous tortures of the Inquisition. And yet these terrible results come legitimately from the cruel policy of the English government. A vast amount of the sufferings and ignorance of the working classes is to be directly attributed to the tyrannical Corn-Laws; laws made to enrich the landholders at the ex-

pense of the poor. For it is impossible for the poor man in England to pay from his small earnings the enormous bread-tax, and have enough left to clothe his family and provide for them other necessaries of life.

Countries which would gladly exchange their agricultural productions for the manufactures of England, being denied a market in that kingdom for them, are tempted to retaliate by prohibiting the entry of her cottons; they devote their energies to the establishment of manufactures, first to supply themselves, but ultimately for export. England must undersell them in foreign markets or lose the trade; and, consequently, cheapness of production must be attained, though children become cripples, and their little frames be wasted by uninterrupted labour from five in the morning until eight at night. Thus the landed interest of England is protected (or supposed to be protected; for it can be shown that the landowners would not suffer by a free trade in

corn;) at the expense of misery through life, and a premature death, to thousands upon thousands.

Yet so mighty is the power of the English aristocracy, that it seems impossible to repeal this restrictive policy. It is understood that the present ministry will bring in a bill to regulate the introduction of foreign corn, so that the scale of duties shall no longer fluctuate as at present, and other nations be able, at a moderate duty, to import their surplus grain into England.

In a conversation a few days ago with one of the cabinet ministers (Lord Morpeth, Secretary for Ireland),* his Lordship expressed the opi-

* I have seen it stated that Lord Morpeth, late Secretary for Ireland, intends soon to make the tour of the United States. He is one of those men who have won the admiration of all true friends of liberty in England, by his bold and faithful defence of the rights of his oppressed countrymen. Let him be honoured by Americans if he comes among us; not because he is a nobleman, for I would have no man honoured merely on account of his birth, but because he is a friend of liberty.

nion that the bill would be defeated by the Conservatives in both Houses; but the ministry were determined to introduce it; and if the people of Great Britain would not sustain them in so humane a measure, they could resign their places, with the consciousness of having done all in their power to relieve the poor from so oppressive an act.

[This bill has been introduced and defeated. Parliament has been dissolved; an appeal has been made, not to the English people, for they have nothing to do with the laws, as Burke said, but to *obey them;* but to the electors, who are a small minority of the people; and a Tory majority has been returned to the House of Commons. For a time Liberty seems to have left England; but in the end freedom will lose nothing.]

Heaven forbid that America should ever be cursed with such a manfacturing system as that which is now the curse of England! May the day never come, when any great proportion of the labouring classes of America shall

be taken from her broad fields and rich soil, where the muscles grow strong and the frame sturdy by honest labour in the open air; where the wages of a few months will purchase the fee-simple for ever of enough of the earth's surface to be dignified by the name of *home*, and which will produce the great necessaries of life for the working man's family.

Who that has ever known the luxury not only of breathing the free air of a republic, but a luxury greater still, of seeing millions of strong freemen around him, cutting down their own tall forests, and casting the precious seed into their own soil, and reaping their own harvests, ever would desire to see the day come, when, in his own land, the masses of honest labourers shall know what it is to bow down, under the dictation of idle masters, to the wasting toil of the factory, or even the labour of the field? It is not because I would see my countrymen exempt from labour; it is not because I would wish to see the poor of England loitering idly about the streets and

fields: I would have labour a blessing, as God designed it should he; and not have it made a curse by oppression.

I always admire those noble sentiments of your own, "I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world, where labour alone can keep us alive. Manual labour is a school in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character; a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate, indulgent friend could do for us; and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind, than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. No business or study which does not present

obstacles, tasking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man. The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labour is, I apprehend, one of our great preparatives for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connexions with their future existence; and that he who has met this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion, and happiness in the world to come. You here see that, in my estimation, labour has great dignity.

"I do not, then, desire to release the labourer from toil. This is not the elevation to be sought for him. Manual labour is a great good; but, in so saying, *I must be understood to speak of labour in its just proportion.* It is not good when made the sole work of life. In excess, it does great harm. It must be joined with higher means of improvement, or it degrades instead of exalting. Man has a various nature, which requires a variety of occupation and

discipline for its growth. Study, meditation, society, and relaxation should be mixed up with his physical toils. He has intellect, heart, imagination, taste, as well as bones and muscles; and he is grievously wronged when compelled to exclusive drudgery for bodily subsistence. Life should be an alternation of employments, so diversified as to call the whole man into action.

"In proportion as Christianity shall spread the spirit of brotherhood, there will and must be a more equal distribution of toils and means of improvement. That system of labour which saps the health, and shortens life, and famishes intellect, needs and must receive great modification."

In England it is lamentably true, "that the labourer can gain subsistence for himself and his family only by a degree of labour which forbids the use of the means of improvement. His necessary toil leaves no time or strength for thought. He can live but for one end, which is to keep himself alive. He cannot

give time and strength to intellectual, social, and moral culture without starving his family."

In illustration of these truths, suffer me, sir, to relate a conversation I had with a railroad porter in Manchester. On my first visit to this town, I employed a porter to carry my carpet-bag to my lodgings, a distance of about two miles and a half. He was a temperate and sensible man.

In passing through one of the principal streets, we met a noisy procession of perhaps 20,000 persons who had collected to receive two celebrated Chartists just liberated from prison. We turned into a by-street to avoid the crowd, and walked on.

"Have you a family?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and nine children, and a pretty hard time we have too, we are so many; and most of the children are so small, that they can do little for the support of the family. I generally get from two shillings to a crown a day for carrying luggage; some of my children are in the mills; and

the rest are too young to work yet. My wife is never well, and it comes pretty hard on her to do the work of the whole family. We often talk these things over, and feel sad enough. We live in a poor house; we can't clothe our children comfortably; not one of them ever went to school; they could go to the Sunday-school, but we can't make them look decent enough to go to such a place. As for meat, we never taste it; potatoes and coarse bread are our principal food. We can't save anything for a day of want; almost everything we get for our work seems to go for taxes. We are taxed for something almost every week in the year. We have no time to ourselves when we are free from work. It seems that our life is all toil; I sometimes almost give up. Life isn't worth much to a poor man in England; and sometimes Mary and I, when we talk about it, conclude that we should all be better off if we were dead. I have gone home at night a great many times, and told my wife when she said supper was ready, that I had taken a bite at a chop-house

on the way, and was not hungry—she and the children could eat my share. Yes, I have said this a great many times when I felt pretty hungry myself. I sometimes wonder that God suffers so many poor people to come into the world."

"Don't you go to church on Sunday?"

"No, sir; I am ashamed to say it, but I have been to no religious meeting for several years. I cannot get such clothes as would be decent, without depriving my family of some of the necessaries of life; and this I can't do."

"You spoke about being better off if you were dead. Do you ever think much about the interests of your soul, and what it is to die?"

"Why, sir, I *have not time to think much about those things; it's all I can do to get through this world, without taking any trouble about another.* If I had time to spare, I should like nothing better than to examine into religion, for I believe there is a good

deal in it; but, I long ago made up my mind that I would do my best, in this world, to make my family comfortable and happy, and when I came to die, make the best of that too."

"Have you a Bible in your family?"

"No sir: and, if we had, it would do us no good; for we can't any of us read it. And, besides, if I had a crown to spare for a Bible, I should rather get a leg of mutton with my money, and that would do some good to my family."

When I was about to leave him I gave him the sum he was entitled to, and a few shillings for a Bible.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I will spend it for a Bible, after what you have said; and perhaps some day one of my children will be able to read it."

As he turned to go, he said, "I wish you would let me take you hand *once*."

I gave it to him, and after holding it firmly in his strong grasp some time, he said, "If

you will remember to pray for me once in a while, I shall be glad." A few large tears came down his face as he said "Good-bye, sir," I think I have met in your writings with the following sentiment: "That a state of society, which leaves the mass of men to be crushed and famished in soul by excessive toils on matter, is at war with God's designs, and turns into means of bondage what was meant to free and expand the soul."

One feels the force of this observation in England, as he never can in America. No. I never desire to see any country exempt from labour. But I would have the labourer related to his employer by other bonds than those of want and stern necessity; for the moment you reduce a man to that condition, you begin to degrade him. He cannot feel that he *is* a man, if he knows he is entirely subjected to the will of another. If he has all his physical wants supplied, his misery may still be very great; for man can in no way suffer so keenly as in thinking that he is

wronged: *I am treated with injustice!* That thought goes deeper into the soul than any other. It goes down and stirs the lowest stratum of man's nature, where God has laid broad and immoveable the consciousness of his rights. That feeling, "*I am wronged,*" was the secret of the French Revolution. It has here gone no farther than Chartism yet.

England boasts of her manufactures; that she supplies the world with her wares; undersells all nations in foreign markets; can even pay a heavy duty for the admission of her fabrics, and still rival the manufacturers of every land, and amass princely fortunes by the commerce. Let us consider this boasted superiority. The operative must be kept miserably poor and oppressed, or such a state of things could not exist. To maintain the system, there must be laws (made by the master) to regulate the poor man's work; laws to prevent his removing from one place to another in the kingdom.

In Espriella's Letters we find the following

statement: "We talk of the liberty of the English, and they talk of their own liberty; but there is no liberty in England for the poor. They are no longer sold with the soil, it is true; but they cannot quit the soil, if there be any probability or suspicion that age or infirmity may disable them. If, in such a case, they endeavour to remove to some situation where they hope more easily to maintain themselves; where work is more plentiful or provisions cheaper; the overseers (of the workhouse) are alarmed; the intruder is apprehended as if he were a criminal, and sent back to his own parish. Wherever a pauper dies, that parish must be at the cost of his funeral; instances, therefore, have not been wanting of wretches in the last stage of disease having been hurried away in an open cart upon straw, and dying upon the road. Nay, even women in the very pains of labour have been driven out, and have perished by the wayside, because the birthplace of the child would be its parish."

The suffering operatives of England would not be crowded together by hundreds into hot task-houses by day, and herded together in damp cellars by night; they would not toil on in unwholesome employments a whole lifetime; they would not sweat night and day before furnaces, which are never permitted to cool, and breathe in vapours which must inevitably produce disease and death—the poor would never submit to this, unless they were in that state of abject poverty which precludes instruction, as well as hope for the future, and reduces them, like the beasts of the field, to seek nothing beyond the gratification of their present wants. They must endure all the miseries of which I have spoken, and numberless others unknown to all but themselves—*or starve.*

Contrast these factory children, as they flock from the mills at evening to their gloomy homes, with the fresh, rosy-cheeked children of the middle classes; contrast them even with the children of the wandering gipsies: the

traveller sees these singular and picturesque "squatters" on heaths, in lawns, and wild glens, scattered all over England. You may have read that touching passage about them in Nicholas Nickleby; for your love of the true and the beautiful must have led you to read that beautiful "history of the uprisings and downfallings of the Nickleby family."

"Even the sunburnt faces of gipsy children half naked though they be, suggest a drop of comfort. It is a pleasant thing to see that the sun has been there; to know that the air and light are on them every day; to feel that they *are* children, and lead children's lives; that if their pillows be damp, it is with the dews of heaven, and not with tears; that the limbs of their girls are free, and that they are not crippled with distortions, imposing an unnatural and horrible penance upon their sex; that their lives are spent from day to day, at least among the waving trees, and not in the midst of dreadful engines, which make young children old before they know what clfildhood

is, and give them the exhaustion and infirmity of age, without, like age, the privilege to die. God send that the old nursery-tales were true, and that the gipsies stole such children by the score."

Who can tell, one thinks, as he looks on these little sufferers, in whose faces the deep lines of want and sorrow are drawn, like cruel gashes in some tender flower-stem; which would have been fresh and blooming; who can tell how many minds have thus been crushed —minds which might have made their own age an era, and future times proud of their names, if they had not been sacrificed on the altar of Mammon? How many hearts there are among them whose cheerfulness has been blasted for ever; who, when told by the preacher that the kind Father of all made them to be happy, and watches over them in love, wonder how this can be true?

I happened to be wandering one evening through a dirty lane, in the part of the town where the operatives are clustered. The fac-

tories were just opening their doors for weary thousands to go home; and I met crowds of ragged, pale men, women, and children. There was an air of abjectness and exhaustion, of servile degradation and feebleness, about very many I saw; among whom were persons of all ages—from the old and haggard to children of tender years. I may have been deceived about the ages of some of the children, but there were multitudes of them who did not seem to be more than eight or ten years old.

I stood at the corner of a street, and looked at the crowds as they passed along. I observed a boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen, holding up and dragging along a pale little girl considerably younger than himself. "Come along now, Meggy; can't you go for yourself a bit—I am about to give up, and can't carry you again?"

I took the little creature's left hand, and the boy took the other, and we led her on to their home. The eyes of every one in the street were turned upon me, as though it were a

strange thing to see a well-dressed person take a fainting child by the hand.

"What is the matter, my boy, with your sister?"

"She's tired out, sir; for she is not used to the mill-work yet, and it comes hard on her."

"How long have you worked in the mills?"

"Five years."

"Why don't your sister stay at home? She is too young yet to go to the mills."

"Mother did keep her out as long as she could; but, after father died, she was obliged to send Meggy to the mills too."

"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

"There's six of us in all. George is apprenticed in Preston; and Sarah, and Kate, and Billy work in Mr. ——'s mill."

We turned into a very narrow, filthy lane, and the boy, pointing the way down into the basement, said, "Here we live." The steps were steep and narrow, and I took the little

girl in my arms, and carried her into the cellar.

The mother was laying upon a low bed of rags in one corner of the apartment. She rose up after one or two unsuccessful efforts, and sat on the side of the bed. The room was nearly dark; and what light there was came through the door we entered, and fell upon her face. Her countenance looked sallow and consumptive; her cheek was feverish, and her eyes were sunk deep in her head. Her forehead was large and handsome; but there was an appearance of deep depression, and something like broken-heartedness in her looks.

I apologised for intruding. "Oh, sir," she said, in a low and hollow voice, "God bless you, don't apologize for entering my cellar; I am glad to see any one but my hungry children." Sobs shook her frame, and tears gushed from her eyes.

"I hope you have come to me for good; I am in great distress. No one has before

entered the cellar to-day, except the officer, and he took my last shilling for taxes."

"God bless you, woman," I exclaimed, "what can a tax-gatherer have to do in your house? Come to rob a widowed mother and hungry orphans of their last shilling!!!" When I thought of Britain in this light, a shudder went through my frame as though I had been bitten by a serpent.

"I wish I had a chair for you, sir," said the widow; "but there is a bench."

The little girl climbed upon the bed and lay down, and the boy threw himself upon an old chest at the head of the bed, and in a few minutes both of them were in a sound sleep.

The widow rose up, and, supporting herself by the wall, went to the corner of the room, and brought a tin cup of gruel (oatmeal and water); and seating herself again on the bed, roused up her children to eat their simple meal. She had to shake them several times before they got up; and then she fed them with an

iron spoon, giving to each a spoonful at a time.

When the gruel was gone, the still hungry children asked for more. "No, dears," said the mother, "you must go to sleep now; you can't have any more to-night."

"It's my turn to-night, Tony, to have the cup," said the little girl; the boy gave it to her, and crawled over to the other side of the bed to his night's sleep. The girl licked the spoon, and then plunged her little hand into the cup to gather the last particle of the gruel left. When she handed the cup to her mother, she turned up her eyes with a mournful expression, asking for "one spoonful more;" which the poor mother refused.

"Have you no more in the house?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir," she answered, "but only enough for us till Saturday, when the children's wages come due; and I have laid the rest aside; for it's better to have a little every day, than to have enough once or twice, and then have nothing."

"My good woman," I replied, "I have money, and it is yours."

We roused up the boy once more, and sent him to the baker's shop to get something to eat; and while he was gone, the widow told me her pitiful story, which I will give you in her own language, as nearly as possible.

"For a good many years my husband worked in a machine-shop; and until my children were ten or twelve years old, we did not send them to the mills; we wished to keep them at home as long as we could, for we knew they would grow sickly and feeble, as soon as they began the hard life of the factory. His wages supported us all pretty comfortably; and I stayed at home, and took in what sewing I could get (for not one half of the factory people know anything about such work), and the oldest children went to the mills. Although they had to work hard, and a great many hours, yet, when we all came together at night we were very happy, and saw a great many good days. But about a twelvemonth ago my husband died, and that was a dark day

for us all. He seemed to care only for us while he was sick; and when he came to die, after calling us all to him, and holding the children in his arms and kissing them, he said, 'The only thing that troubles me, Mary, is, that I leave you and the children poor.'

"I almost gave up in despair; for I could see nothing before me but the workhouse, where I pray God I may never go, if what they say of them is true. I saw nothing for my children but apprenticeship or starvation, and I could hardly choose between them. The little comforts we had in the house I was obliged to sell to get us bread; and the expenses of the funeral and the taxes soon swept away nearly all our furniture and my husband's clothes, and at last I was obliged to sell my own.

"Six hungry children were staring me in the face, asking for bread; and I saw that in a little while I should have none to give them. It was as painful to me as to have laid them in the grave; but I was obliged to

apprentice my four oldest children, and they see hard times. My health had been poor for a good many years, for my constitution was broken down by working in the mills while I was a girl. My husband found me when I was at work in the —— mill; and we loved each other; and he provided me a home, where we were very happy; and if he had not died—"

Here the widow was overcome with exhaustion and grief, and fell back upon her bed. When she had partly recovered she continued:

"But I thought I would not give up; I knew I *must* not. I took in what little work I could get, and sent Tony to the mill. But I could only get a little work, and Tony got only two shillings a-week, and we saw ourselves growing poorer and poorer every day. I knew I could not stand it long, but I went to the factory myself, and left little Meggy with a neighbour. I did not last long there, the work was too hard for me. When I gave it up, I was obliged to send Meggy; and it has been a

sad work, sir, to see how pale and thin she grows; to break her sound sleep in the morning, and send her off to the mill; and then to have her come home at night so tired and hungry, and only half a meal to eat, and so worn out that she falls to sleep before she eats that! It's pretty hard, sir, then, to see an officer come into our cellar, and take the last penny we had on earth for taxes. Oh! sir, I wish we were all in our graves, and then we should be at rest."

Yes, blessed be God, there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest! To escape all the sorrows and struggles of earth, the stings of adversity, and the pains of hunger; to lie down peacefully in the tomb —oh; there is rich consolation in the thought!

The little boy returned from his errand with brightened features; but the smile, which played over his pallid countenance, seemed like a faint light falling upon a grave; so little did the joy on his face conceal the deep-seated gloom, that had been traced there by want and sorrow.

One thing was still wanting—a light. The boy lit up a small tin lamp, which stood on a shelf over the fireplace.

"We don't use a lamp," said the widow, "only when we are sick in the night; but I keep one against a time of need."

And now little Meggy was wakened again, and the family gathered around the deal stand to eat, for the first time in many weeks, food enough to satisfy hunger. It was affecting to me to see the joy of the children, and the gratitude of the mother. In my heart I praised the widow's God for guiding my feet to her damp and cheerless home.

I talked for an hour with the widow about the religion of the Bible, the love of the Saviour, and the hope of Heaven. Her ideas on these subjects were extremely vague.

"I used to go to church," she said, "when I had clothes to wear, but I heard what I could never believe. When I heard the priest speak of a merciful God, who loves all his creatures so well that he does not let a sparrow fall to

the ground without his notice, I could not forget that I, for no crime, had to toil on in poverty and wretchedness, and see the bread taken from the mouths of my hungry children to support the rich minister who never came near my cellar. If this is religion, I do not want it; and if God approves of this, I cannot love him."

"But, my good woman," I replied, "your Bible tells you of the abounding mercy of God."

"That may be, sir," she answered; "but I have no Bible to read, although I believe I could read one soon if I had it."

I took from my pocket a small Bible, and read the story of the Saviour's love; his life, his works of mercy, his kindness to the poor, his ministry, his death and resurrection. I tried to make her distinguish between the unjust and cruel legislation of man and the just and kind laws of God. I tried to point her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. I told her of the love of the Universal

Father; that she was his child; that He loved her better than she loved those dear children who were resting from their toils by her side; that if she suffered, it was all ordered in mercy, for God did not willingly afflict his creatures; that he was as kind in what he withheld as in what he bestowed; that it was the desire of the Saviour to take her and her children, with all the weary, and oppressed, and sorrowful, home to Heaven, when they had done with this world, its cares and its sufferings. She had but to love her Father, trust his goodness, be sorry for all that she had done that was wrong; give herself away in an everlasting covenant to him in confidence, and she should meet the compassionate embrace of her kind Saviour.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I think I could love *such* a Being;" and as she spoke, a smile, that seemed almost unwilling to stay, spread its gentle glow over her once handsome features. "But," after a moment's hesitation she continued, "if there was such a Being as the Bible describes, such a Being as you have told me

of; so powerful that He can do all things, and so good that He is pained to see any of his creatures suffer, it seems to me He would help my children. He certainly would if He loved them as well as I do."

I endeavoured to explain these things to her mind in as simple a way as possible. She replied:

"I wish I could see all this as you do; but I am so ignorant, I am afraid I never shall." And then, after a few words had been said about death, she added, "Oh, yes, sir, there is much pleasure in thinking about death; and if I and my children could all lie down and die to-night, I should be very happy. For if there is such a Being as you have read and spoken of, and we shall live after we are dead, He will provide us a home where the rich and the proud will trouble us no more."

"Only believe it, and trust in the mercy which has promised it, and adore the Being who made you, and it shall all be yours; and there is one promise in the Bible specially

adapted to you, in your present circumstances. God has declared that He is *the widow's God* and *the orphan's Father*, and will hear their cry. He has given you a gracious invitation to come to Him in these tender words, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"Oh! sir," she answered, "I think I would go to Him; but I am very ignorant, and I have been very wicked; what shall I do?"

"He will instruct your ignorance and enlighten your soul; and all your sins He will forgive and forget—only trust in his mercy. He has declared he loves all who trust in his mercy. Be willing to obey Him; to submit to your lot, though it be hard, without repining; kiss the hand that afflicts you; go to Him; give yourself and your children away to Him in confidence, and He will never forsake you or them. And if you are called to die soon, and leave these orphan children on the wide world, remember that in Heaven is the orphan's Father; that He loves your children better than you do, and will protect them more ten-

derly. He will watch over them with fidelity, and be a kind parent to them when you are dead; and at last gather them all up into that bright world, where there shall be no more sorrow, or sighing, or pain; where God shall wipe the tears of earth from every eye, and where the poor orphan shall never be heard to say, 'I have no father.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed the widow, as she clasped her hands together, and tears and smiles covered her face, "I *will* go to God; I *will* trust Him, and love Him for ever; I think I see it. I can bear these things better *now*. It is hard to see my children suffer. I should not care much for myself, if I could see these dear little things have bread to eat. But if it is God's will, I think I can bear it all now. I thank God, sir, that you ever came here. I never shall forget it. I wish you would pray before you go, sir, if it will not be asking too much."

We knelt by her bed, and I tried to pray. I felt that we need not pray to God as though

He were in a distant heaven—*He was with us.* It was a holy scene, and we were forgetful that we were in that cold, damp cellar, for the atmosphere seemed like that we are told fills Heaven.

When we rose from prayer, the widow took my hands and pressed them with great earnestness, saying,

"I have nothing to give you, sir; but I will remember you, and try to pray for you as long as I live."

I felt in my inmost soul that the widow's prayer was answered. *I was blessed.*

One pleasure was still in store for me. I gave her what money I thought it would be right in my circumstances to spare, and left her home. It seemed unlike the room I had entered.

Oh! thought I, as I pursued my way through the dark, narrow streets to my lodgings, what have sin and oppression done in the world! How have they marred the fair works of God! It is a world of tears and

broken hearts; but it *was* not always so—this bright Record stands upon the page of inspiration, "God has made everything beautiful in his time"—it *shall* not always be so.

When I returned from my walk to the house of the gentleman with whom I was staying for a day or two, I related some of these circumstances.

"Why, sir," said he, "that is very bad, to be sure; but suppose I should tell you that just at this time there are 40,000 operatives in Manchester who are out of work, and obliged to depend upon charity for bread to keep them from starvation. I employ nearly a thousand hands in my mills in ordinary times; but, owing to the general commercial distress which now prevails, I am obliged to keep my hands upon half work; and their wages are not sufficient to provide them with enough of the coarsest kind of food to prevent their suffering most severely from hunger; while multitudes are dying by direct starvation,

or diseases immediately induced by privation. During the last seven weeks, I have contributed one hundred guineas a week to the fund for supplying the poor with bread, and it seems but a drop in the bucket."

I inquired what was to be done; who was to be blamed for this immense amount of misery.

"Why, sir," said he, in reply, "you have asked me two questions which involve the whole subject of political economy; and to answer them intelligently, one must be familiar with the whole fabric of English society. He must understand the history and government of Great Britain in all their branches; and he must be thoroughly acquainted with the character and condition of the manufacturing districts.

"I am persuaded that we have the most expensive government in the world; that there is no nation which taxes its labouring classes so heavily.

"But you inquire particularly about the manufacturing interests: with these I am familiar,

as I have been a manufacturer myself for twenty-five years. The sufferings of the operatives are very great. English manufacturers, as a body, are not an inhumane or ungenerous class of men; but the nature of their business is such, that they are obliged to conduct it with the utmost economy, in order successfully to compete with the manufactures of other parts of the world; and they become so accustomed to the sufferings and privations of their operatives, that, as a matter of course, they are less affected by them than strangers. We are obliged to hire our work to be done as cheaply as possible; and such are the fluctuations of our foreign trade, that our hands are often unemployed, and at such times there must necessarily be suffering.

"Parliament have passed laws to regulate the factory system, but they are all a dead letter. It is impossible that any laws should be so constructed that their provisions shall meet the exigencies of the case. A law that shall benefit the operative must injure our business, unless

government remove some of the iniquitous burdens which they, and not the manufacturers, have imposed upon the poor. For I can convince any candid man that the operatives receive from us enough to make them comfortable; enough to clothe and instruct them and their children well; and elevate them a thousand fold above their present condition, if they were not robbed of the greater part of their wages to support the aristocracy.

"I will make this appear. The iniquitous CORN-LAWS take one third of all the wages of the operatives from them, and put it into the pockets of the landholders. The commonest necessaries of life, in consequence of the bread-tax, cost as much again in England as they do on the Continent or in the United States. And the government receives no advantage from this enormous revenue; it goes to the landed aristocracy.

"Besides, the operative has other heavy burdens to bear: he is compelled to support the Religious Establishment; and although I am a

Churchman (from education, I suppose, like nine tenths of all its members), yet I feel deeply the impolicy and the injustice of taxing men to support a Church which they are opposed to in principle; and, indeed, it has long appeared to me clear, that when Christ's kingdom on earth cannot be maintained but by the legislation of man, then it is time to let it fall. If the Rock of Ages be not a firm and everlasting foundation for TRUTH, I am persuaded it will have no security in any foundation of man's forming. This, then, is another item.

"Then there are a multitude of regular or occasional taxes the poor are obliged to pay, which keep them in a state of the deepest depression. Lord Brougham once wrote the following words on this subject: 'The Englishman is taxed for everything that enters the mouth, covers the back, or is placed under the feet; taxes are imposed upon everything that is pleasant to see, hear, feel, taste, or smell; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes upon everything on the earth, in the waters,

and under the earth; upon everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes upon the raw material, and upon every value that is added to it by the ingenuity and industry of man; taxes upon the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and on the drugs that restore him to health; on the ermine that decorates the judge, and on the rope that hangs the criminal; on the brass nails of the coffin, and on the ribands of the bride; at bed or at board—*couchant ou levant we must pay.* The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse by a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid 30 per cent., throws himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent.; and having made his will, the seals of which are also taxed, expires in the arms of his apothecary, who has paid £100 for the privilege of hastening his death. His whole property is then taxed from two to ten per cent.; and, besides

the expenses of probate, he pays large fees for being buried in the chancel, and his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; after all which, he may be gathered to his fathers to be taxed—*no more.*'

"This is all strictly true. The Englishman *is* taxed for everything; and this enormous system of taxation impoverishes the labouring classes; takes away from them all the high motives of an honorable ambition, and keeps them continually in a state of discouragement and dejection.

"At different times, Committees of Inquiry have been appointed by Parliament, and they have presented shocking reports of the miseries of the labouring classes, particularly of the operatives in the factories, which have roused the public indignation; and laws have been passed to do away with the abuses of the system. The attention of the committees was principally called to the condition of the factory children, in regard to whom, without doubt, the greatest abominations existed.

"No statutory restrictions respecting the employment of children in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom existed until the year 1802; when an act of Parliament was passed for the preservation of their health and morals, directing the magistrates to report, whether the factories were conducted according to law, and to adopt such sanatory regulations as they might deem fit. This act was followed in 1816 by one generally known as Sir Robert Peel's Act; imposing various regulations on the employment of children in cotton-mills. Both of these acts proved inefficient, and under them the abuses they were designed to remedy were found to have enormously increased.

"In 1831 they were both repealed by what is called Sir John Hobhouse's Act, which provided that in cotton factories, to which it alone related, no child should be employed till it had attained the age of nine years; and that no person under the age of eighteen years should be suffered to remain in the factories

more than twelve hours a day; and that on Saturdays they should work only nine hours. This act was repealed in 1833 by an act containing the following provisions, and comprehending all the statutory regulations at present applicable to the factories of the United Kingdom.

"1. That after the 1st of January, 1834, no person under eighteen years of age shall be allowed to work in the night—that is, between half past eight P.M. and half past five A.M. in any cotton or other factory in which steam or water, or any other mechanical power, is or shall be used to propel the power of the machinery, excepting in lace factories.

"2. That no person under eighteen shall be employed more than twelve hours in one day, nor more than sixty-nine hours in one week.

"3. That there shall be allowed in the course of every day not less than one hour and a half for meals, to any person restricted to the performance of twelve hours' work.

" 4. That after the 1st of January, 1834, no child, except in silk-mills, shall be employed, who shall not be nine years old.

" 5. That after the 1st of March, 1834, no child, except in silk-mills, shall be employed in any factory more than forty-eight hours in one week, nor more than nine hours in any one day, who shall not be eleven years old; nor after the 1st of March, 1836, who shall not be thirteen years old; and that these hours of work shall not be exceeded, even if the child has worked during the day in more factories than one.

" 6. That children whose hours of work are restricted to nine hours a day, shall be entitled to two holidays and eight half-holidays in every year.

" 7. That children whose hours of work are restricted to nine hours a day, are not to be employed without obtaining a certificate from a physician or surgeon, certifying that they are of the ordinary strength and appearance of children of the age before mentioned, which

certificate is to be counter-signed by some inspector or justice.

" 8. That it shall be lawful for his majesty to appoint, during pleasure, four persons to be inspectors of factories, with extensive powers as magistrates to examine the children employed in the factories, and to inquire respecting their condition, employment, and education; and that one of the secretaries of state shall have power, on the application of an inspector, to appoint superintendants to superintend the execution of the act.

" 9. That those inspectors are to make all rules necessary for the execution of the act, and to enforce the attendance at school for at least two hours daily out of six days in the week, of children employed in the factories; from whose weekly wages a deduction not exceeding one penny in every shilling, for schooling shall be made.

" 10. That no child shall be employed who shall not, on Monday of every week, give to the factory-master a certificate of his or her attendance at school for the previous week."

"11. That the interior walls of every mill shall be whitewashed every year.

"12. That a copy or abstract of this act shall be hung up in a conspicuous part of the mill.

"13. That the inspectors shall regularly once a year report their proceedings to one of the secretaries of state.

"The act also contains regulations extending the hours of work where time shall be lost by the want of or an excess of water in mills situated upon a stream of water, &c., &c.

"Now this, you will say, is an humane and just bill: it must remove the worst evils. But this is not the case; and I can show that as great, if not greater, evils now exist. *It is impossible for this law to be observed*; for many families would be starved to death, unless they worked more hours a day than it permits. Many operatives could not maintain themselves under its operation. Parliament might just as well have voted that all the colliers in the mines should dig their coal on the surface of the ground.

"It has been of great service, I doubt not, to the apprenticed children; but of little service to others. For Parliament may pass as many humane regulations as they please, to protect the operatives: they will all be in vain, so long as these same men groan under the weight of the corn-laws and the vast burden of taxation.

"I think there are now fewer instances of brutal violence and abuse, and that there is not as much night-work done. Some of these regulations have been carried into effect; and perhaps a general advantage has been derived from the act. But, should I give an opinion, I should say that there never was a time when disease, suffering, ignorance, and crime were so rife among the English operatives as at present.

"The manufactures have been greatly improved, and immense fortunes have been made; but it has been all at the expense of the operative. Never was there a time when the philanthropist and the Christian had so

much cause to mourn over the condition of the working classes as now."

I am aware, sir, there are many persons seemingly well informed on this subject, who differ widely from the opinions here expressed; though I fear the judgments of such men are not a little swayed by interest. But I cannot doubt that the statements of this gentleman were made with candour, and may be relied on as very near the truth. "No people," says the old proverb, "are better than their laws." The stranger, in reading this factory bill, would suppose that it throws a broad shield of protection over the labouring poor; *but in England the prevailing influences are stronger than the laws.*

Since my return I have conversed with a large number of persons in this country who are familiar with the manufacturing system, and the condition of the operatives in England, and they have all concurred, in the main, in the opinions contained in this letter. Some of them have thought the picture in some re-

spects, perhaps, overdrawn; but I am bound, in justice to myself, to say that a much greater number, and among them the most intelligent, have assured me that they did not consider one feature of it exaggerated.

I have recently had several conversations with a superintendent of one of the largest cotton factories in the State of New-York, who returned in the spring of 1840 from Great Britain, where he had spent several months in collecting information in regard to the English manufactories, for the benefit of the company which employed him. He is a native of Scotland, and is perfectly familiar with the practical operation of the system, on both sides of the Atlantic. He gave me his opinion upon every point I have dwelt on in this letter.

"Wherever I went, in the manufacturing districts," said he, "I saw extreme poverty, ignorance, and suffering. I did not find a factory in England, where the operatives seemed to be *comfortable*; not one in which there

was not much that was painful to witness. As a general thing, the overlookers are stern and tyrannical, and the operatives expect few favours: the poor are very degraded in England, or they would not bear such treatment.

"An overlooker of a factory in the North of England observed to me, 'How do you manage to get along with republican operatives? *I* never would superintend a factory where I could not do as I pleased with my hands. Here we can *make them behave;* they know they are in our power, as they ought to be, and they *walk straight.* I never would go round the mill and *request* a hand to do this or that; I would give him my order, and if that didn't do I would give him something else. I have been in the United States, and I wouldn't stay there. You can't find a man, woman, or child there, that don't feel as good as his employer.'

"This same spirit pervades the whole body of proprietors and overlookers: there are some exceptions to the general rule, but, as a class,

they are overbearing and exacting. I have many times seen a child knocked to the floor, by a blow on the side of the head, which stunned him. I have often seen little girls and women *kicked* unmercifully in the mills, for the slightest mistakes, that an American superintendent would overlook, or only reprove in a kind manner. Beating and kicking are the most common ways of administering reproof; and of course, you will find a down-cast look and a slavish air about the operatives.

"The children never have a stool or chair to sit on, when they have a short moment of rest from their work. In our factories we let all the hands have a chair to rest in, during these intervals. When we think, that in following a pair of spinning mules in Manchester, a child must walk over twenty miles in a day; and with the improved machinery recently introduced, the distance is increased to twenty five or twenty six miles; and that the child has frequently to walk several miles to and from the factory, we see the cruelty of not

allowing them a seat to rest on, when their work is for a moment suspended.

" And I think the morals of the English operatives must be very depraved. I saw multitudes of women with their persons most immodestly exposed, at their work; and heard a good deal of lewd conversation between the sexes. Many of the children, also, in some of the mills, are nearly naked. Indeed, it is impossible, I think, to preserve much purity among persons accustomed to such habits.

" Some of the English operatives receive nearly as high wages for their work as we pay; but they work harder to get their money, and it will not go more than half as far (nor that, I think) in procuring the necessaries of life. I went into the houses of many of the hands, and, almost without exception, they were filthy, gloomy places. Few of the comforts of life were to be seen there; and the odour was dreadfully offensive. Animal food they seldom eat, potatoes and the coarsest bread being almost their entire food; and but few of them have enough of this.

"The operatives nearly all look unhealthy —pallid, sallow, and worn-out; destitute of spirit, and enfeebled by privation and hard work. The apprenticed children are very often treated with greater cruelty than slaves, and are, perhaps much worse off." (This, too, is the language of a warm *abolitionist*.)

"The hand-loom weavers are as badly off as they can be: they work nearly all the time they are not asleep, and, being obliged to compete with powerful labour-saving machinery, receive only a few pence a day for their work. They are a very miserable class of labourers.

"I saw no factories where the work seems to cut down the operatives, and bring them to the grave *so quickly* as the worsted mills. The rooms are heated up to 120 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer; they are not ventilated, as the fresh or cool air would injure the fabric in its process of manufacture; and thus the hands are obliged to work in apartments heated like furnaces. I am a pretty strong man, but I never step into these rooms without feeling

the perspiration start in one second from every pore. I could stay in none of them more than two or three minutes; and as soon as I came out into the fresh air again, even in the warmest days, a chill came over me. No person can live long in these factories. The children nearly all die of consumption in a short time; and I never cast my eyes upon so pale and emaciated a set of human beings in my life.

"I would lay it down as a general principle, that the English operatives are *sacrificed to the spirit of trade.* I think the English people are as much infatuated with it, and will practise as much cruelty and injustice towards their operatives in securing the interests of *trade,* as do the Southrons in raising cotton. The truth is, that in England, while the rich and the noble have all that the heart can desire, *the poor man is a slave.* It is an insult to the spirit of freedom and to the common sense of mankind, for England to talk about the *liberty* of her people. *In England, nothing makes a man free but money.*"

Perhaps I have already dwelt upon this subject too long; but I cannot dismiss it without extracting a few words from the Essays of Elia. They speak of the early years of the poor, and were written by one who knew how to sympathize with the unfortunate:

"The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the *very* poor do not prattle! It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. 'Peor people,' said a sensible old nurse to us once, 'don't *bring* up their children; they *drag* them up.' The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel, is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it; no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to sooth it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten.

"It has been prettily said, 'that a babe is fed with milk and praise;' but the aliment of

this poor babe was thin, unnourishing. The return to its little baby tricks and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present suffering and awakens the passion of young wonder.

"It was never sung to; no one ever told to it a tale of nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die, as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the *very* poor, as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for the food with the parent. It is never his mirth,

his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times.

"The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart bleed to overhear the casual street talk between a poor woman and her little girl; a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age), of the promised sight or play, of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say that the home of the *very* poor is *no home?*"

So true is it, that "man thinks of the few,

God of the many." In the midst of a world which has been blighted by oppression, it would be gloomy to live, if we could not spend our lives in making it better.

I have the honour, sir, to be,

Your obedient servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Chelmsford, —, 1840.

DEAR ——,

YESTERDAY I came to this place, which is thirty miles north east of London, chiefly to see John Thorogood, who is a victim to the exactions of the Established Church. I have spent several hours with him in the Chelmsford Jail; and I have seen no man for a long time, for whom I feel more sympathy and admiration. I found my way to the jail, and asked permission to see Mr. Thorogood. The keeper reluctantly turned the key and unbarred the door.

"Yes, sir," said he, "you must come in, I suppose, but I wish the authorities would take this Thorogood away; for, every few minutes, day after day, and month after month, some one comes to the door, 'Can I see John Thorogood, sir?' 'Can I see Mr. Tho-

rogood, sir?' 'I have come to see this famous Thorogood;' so that I have got sick of his very name. Why, if you were to stay here one week, you would think there was nobody in all England worth seeing but John. But I don't complain of him or his wife—*that's* all well enough; still I don't want to be bothered with John any longer."

The jailer led me to Mr. Thorogood's apartment, and I introduced myself. He seemed to be about thirty-five or forty years old, with a stout and well-made person. His countenance wears a kind but resolute expression, and his forehead denotes a considerable degree of intellect. He is a mechanic, and has always moved in the common walks of society; but he is a man of extraordinary intelligence and great firmness of character. I told him that I had come to Chelmsford to see him; that I considered him a persecuted man, and wished to know something of his history.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I *am* a persecuted man, and I thank you for coming to see me.

I am an obscure and unworthy individual, but the Providence of God has placed me in circumstances very trying, and I have endeavoured to act like a freeman in Christ. I said I was glad to see you, and I am; and I thank you for the sympathy you manifest in my behalf: not because I begin to grow irresolute and faint-hearted; for I should be just as firm, I think, if I stood alone; but then, you know, it does one good to see the face of a friend, and take hold of his hand, when one is in trouble or in persecution for conscience sake."

"How long have you been confined here, sir?"

"Eighteen months, sir, and all for what some consider a very small matter. They say John Thorogood would rather lie in jail eighteen months, than pay five and sixpence church-rate. Just as if I cared anything for that five and sixpence. Why, I will give any of those gentlemen half-a-sovereign or more at any time for a good cause; but I am not in Chelmsford Jail for five and sixpence at all.

I am here because I will not surrender my liberty of conscience. That is the highest and most inviolable of all human rights. I can bear oppression until you invade the sacred ground of native moral rights; and then I cannot, and will not give way to the wicked claims of despotic civil rulers.

"But I will tell you something about the history of this matter, and then you can judge for yourself. I am, as you well know, a Dissenter. For many years I felt it my duty to oppose the Established Church. I wept over its corruptions, its abuses of power and truth, its tyrannical oppressions of the consciences of good men: but still I paid my church-rates, although I received no advantages whatever from the institution I supported. I regarded this payment of church-rates rather as a civil duty.

"But after suffering a good many trials of feeling, at last I became satisfied it was wrong for me in *any* way to give my countenance to the Establishment, and I refused to pay five

and sixpence for church-rate. I was summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court to be tried, and of course, condemned: for in England, when the Church prosecutes a suit at law, you must know that they are both judge and jury. I thought and prayed over the matter, and concluded it was best for me to pay no attention to it.

"The result of it all was, that for contempt of court, as it was called, I was thrown into this jail, the 16th of January, 1839; where I have remained ever since, and where I *will* remain *till I die*, rather than surrender the principle for which I am contending. That principle is no less than that for which Protestant reformers in all ages have contended: the very principle for which England broke away from her allegiance to Rome; for which Huss and Jerome, and ten thousand others, went to the stake; the same principle for which John Bunyan lay twelve years in Bedford Jail; the greatest, the dearest principle for which man ever contended—the high and sacred right of conscience.

"I cannot believe that I owe religious allegiance to any man: God is my only master. No man, or body of men, have a right to place any restrictions upon my religious liberty. The free exercise of conscience in matters of religion is a right which man can neither give nor take away. Religion is sacred to conscience; conscience is sacred to God, and all human interference is sacrilege. Religion is seated in the *will*; it is essentially *voluntary*; exaction either of profession or payment is destructive of it. To *establish religion by law*, is first to corrupt and then to destroy it.

"The other day, Sir Robert Inglis, the zealous advocate of the High Church party in Parliament, came to pay me a visit; and I asked him a few questions, which perhaps he did not expect, for he was not exactly prepared for them. I said to Sir Robert, 'Is it not *a wrong* to refuse Dissenters interment in the national burial-grounds, unless their friends be willing that the deceased Dissenter

should give the lie in his death to all he had said and done while living, which he would do, if he consented to be buried with the forms of *the* Church? Is it not *wrong* to exclude him from the national schools and universities, unless he conform to the Church? Is it not *wrong* to compel the Dissenter to contribute to support a Church of which he conscientiously disapproves? Is it not *an act of oppression*, the greater because it comes from the *stronger* and *wealthier* party, since he has, too, to support his own Church?

"'And is not his Church as dear to him; are not his church privileges, his liberty of conscience, the religious rights and worship of his own Zion, the affection and comfort of his pastor, and wife, and children, all as dear to the Dissenter's heart as to the Churchman's are his? Do you not, sir, commit great wrong when you take from *me* those rights and privileges which *you* prize so dearly? If the golden rule is to be our standard of action, you cannot outrage it more palpably than by throw-

ing me into jail because I will not quietly give away my highest rights as a man and a Christian.

"'Do I not suffer the *greatest wrong* when *any party* seeks to prescribe to me in religion either *what* I shall believe, or *how* I shall express my faith? Has not *compulsory* payment produced nearly all the evils which the best friends of the Establishment acknowledge and lament? Has it not placed its ministry *beyond the wholesome influence of the people?* Who does not know that the Prayer-book contains little besides the Mass-book translated into English? That the Pope offered to confirm it, if the Church of England would join that of Rome? That Episcopal clergymen of great reputation have declared such a union of the two Churches *practicable?* That the efficiency of Episcopal ordination is derived entirely through the popish prelates? That at the accession of Elizabeth, NINE THOUSAND AND ELEVEN CATHOLIC PRIESTS out of NINE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED, joined the

Church of England; and who supposes that they gave up their papacy by doing it? The Papists and Protestants worshipped together in the English Church until they were prevented by the Pope; and at the Reformation, Parliament transferred the entire powers exercised by the Pope in this country, to Henry VIII. and his royal successors.'

"I spoke to Sir Robert about a good many other things. I thought I would tell him something that he would not be very apt to forget; and I expressed myself with great freedom. There was a trap laid in London by the High Church party the other day, and Sir Robert was sent down here to spring it. My friends there had said I was not *comfortable* here; and the Tories wished to get a confession from me that I was. I had received intimation that I might expect certain persons down here about the time of Sir Robert's visit, and I was on my guard when he came.

"He asked me if I was not comfortable here. 'Mr. Thorogood,' said he, 'you seem

to be surrounded by a good many conveniences and comforts.' 'No, Sir,' I answered, 'I am not comfortable, and never can be, so long as my liberty is taken away. You degrade a man; you trample on a man's highest rights, and then ask him if he is not *comfortable.*'"

"Well, Mr. Thorogood, how long do you expect to remain here?" I inquired.

"That, sir, is a question I cannot answer. My friends in Parliament are constantly bringing the matter before the House; they are labouring manfully and zealously in my cause, and keep me advised of all their proceedings. I receive scores of papers and pamphlets on the subject. They will do all they can; but I do not expect relief for a good while. For if the Church party should give up and consent to my liberation, they would abandon the whole question; they would never be able to heal the wound which such a decision would inflict upon the Establishment.

"They are right in saying, 'The question is not whether we shall let an honest and worthy man go out of his prison and enjoy his freedom;' for they all would be glad, undoubtedly, to see me liberated; but the question is, 'Shall we surrender the rights of the Church? If we let this man go, shall we concede the great question of church-rates, tithes, and government patronage?'

"It has always happened, I believe, that every great question, which has ever yet been disposed of, has been settled in this way. Nothing has pained me so much as to see how insensible the great mass of the Dissenters are to the infinite importance of this question. Why, sir, multitudes of them have come to me, and besought me to give it up; they said, 'Why, John, you are only *one* man!' So was Luther only *one* man; and suppose *he* had given up.

"Look back on the history of the world and you will find that *one man* has worked a revolution. One man is enough to *start* a

Reform; but he must have help to carry it on. Oh! brethren, I say to them, if you would all come along with me; if the millions of the English Dissenters would take the same stand that I have, what a spectacle would be presented! Why, we should gain our cause *at once*. To assert our rights would be to *secure* them; it would be a pretty sight, surely, to see half the people of England in jail! Oh! would to God the faint-hearted and policy-bewitched Dissenters would go along with me. I want to see no violence; none is needed. We could dissolve that evil alliance of the Church and State as peaceably as we effected the Revolution of 1688.

"It is a mystery which I cannot unravel, why the Dissenters submit to these abuses. They will get up great meetings; they will make enthusiastic speeches; they will write flaming pieces about the corruptions of the Church, they will clamour violently about *rights of conscience*; and yet not a soul of them has the courage to take the stand that poor,

ignorant John Thorogood, the shoemaker, has taken. But they will have to do it before they ever get their liberty."

While he was speaking his wife came into the room.

"Here Mary," said John, "I want to introduce you to Mr. ——. He lives in the United States, that blessed land where there is no Established Church, no church-rates, or tithes, except what a man is willing to tax himself with."

She is a very neat, pretty woman, and worthy to be the wife of John Thorogood. I asked her if she was not almost discouraged and disheartened.

"Oh! no, sir, far from it," she answered. "I was at first of a mind that my husband should pay the five and sixpence, and not go to jail; and it came very hard not to have him at home with us at nights; and I thought I could not bear up under it. But he talked to me a good deal; and we prayed about it; and, at last, I could agree with him; and I feel

now that I would rather see John Thorogood die than give up his religion. He does not need any cheering up; his courage is as strong as it can well be. But if he ever gets down-hearted, I can raise his spirits for him. No, sir, he shan't give up now. It has cost too much already to have nothing come of it. I can come and stay with him from morning until nine o'clock in the evening; and the children can come too. We have a good many kind attentions from friends and strangers, and we are working for *liberty of conscience for all England.* No, sir, we can't give up."

It was a sublime spectacle to see two humble, simple-hearted Christians taking such a lofty stand—a spectacle which may challenge the admiration of the world. If I were an Englishman, I think I should be more proud of that sight, than of the glorious structure they call St. Paul's Cathedral.

They gave me a large collection of papers, and pamphlets on the subjects which had occupied our attention; and I purchased two

very fine lithographic prints of Mr. Thorogood, on the bottom of which he wrote his autograph in a bold style : the likeness is perfect. Before I left, he asked me to pray ; and we all knelt together in prayer. As I rose to go they both pressed my hand affectionately, and called down the blessing of God upon my head. Mr. Thorogood promised to write to me in America, and tell me of his fortunes, when any favourable or adverse change should occur.

I must confess that I have seen no spectacle on this side of the water, which has so excited my surprise and indignation as this. Let the world, who have so long dreaded the power of the English Government, and admired its philanthropy in breaking the chains of negro slavery, and its zeal in sending missionaries to barbarous climes to tell the glory of the Saviour's love, contemplate the British lion with his paws upon John Thorogood in Chelmsford Jail.

After I left the jail, I called at the sign of the ———, and found Miss ——— waiting

for me. I had engaged to visit at her cottage that evening. Our ride was along one of those smooth, hawthorn-bordered roads, which every where traverse this beautiful Island. We turned from the main road down into a green lane, to visit the house in which it is said Goldsmith wrote his "Deserted Village." The old hamlet bears the name of Springfield. It is supposed by many to be the spot which Goldsmith describes in his "Deserted Village;" and that in the early history of New-England, its quiet, and liberty-loving inhabitants emigrated from their homes to the banks of the Connecticut, and there founded the town of Springfield. But the common opinion seems to be, that

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,"

was in Westmeath county, Ireland.

The carriage stopped at the gate, and we walked through a beautiful flower-garden, and shrubbery which surrounds the house. A

very sweet girl came to the door, and we asked if we could see the room in which the "Deserted Village" was written. Permission was cheerfully granted.

"Are you quite sure," I inquired, "that the 'Deserted Village' was written in this room?"

"Why, sir," she answered, as a slight blush mingling with a smile passed over her features, "we are quite sure that some of the *old people* are quite sure that it was. We don't like to dispute it; and it's very delightful too, to think that Goldsmith once sat in that old oak chair, and wrote his verses there. I suppose, some time ago, there was a little doubt about it; but we all so firmly believe it now, we should be quite shocked to hear it questioned."

What a magical power there is in genius! The possibility that the ground on which we stand was once pressed by the feet of such a man, makes the spot as holy as the shrine of a departed saint.

"Perhaps," said the girl, "you would like a flower to carry away with you; here is a rose growing by the window where Goldsmith used to sit. Some have even said that it sprang from the stem of the one he planted; and if you will promise to believe this too, as well as the rest of my story, you shall have it."

"Oh! you are very kind: I will believe anything you say; I have a great horror of unbelief. Yes, I do believe it. Thank you."

After strolling leisurely over the grounds, where the writer of the Vicar of Wakefield once lived, we parted with our fair cicerone, and drove round the old Church through the village. The quiet shadows of evening twilight were gently falling over the scenery; the rusted hand of the old clock (what a charm there is in old clocks since Dickens has written about Master Humphrey's) were slowly wandering over the defaced dial on the gray tower, which was overhung with the greenest ivy, clambering from the ground to its

top; a few old trees stood near the church, and the rooks were flying from the tower to seek their homes for the night in the branches. Under their deep shadows the generation, that had animated this scene, in Goldsmith's days, had long ago lain down in their last repose.

Over the graves of some who had been distinguished, handsome monuments were placed; rude old stones marked the place where most of the villagers had been buried; while a green mound, covered with a few weeds or flowers, was the only memorial that rose over the ashes of the humble and the poor. All we knew of the company of sleepers there was, that they once lived and moved in this lovely hamlet; heard offers of mercy from that old temple; and were gathered to their fathers.

We passed over the village green, where the noisy urchins were playing; and across which the cows were going to the farm-houses with "the tinkling bell." It was one of those lovely rural scenes which abound in England, of whose cottages and hedge-rows, churches

and graveyards, the old poets have so often told us. When we had left the village a mile behind us, the mellow tones of the bell came musically over the fields.

Before us we had a single peep through the trees at "Quiet Home," the cottage of my friend. It was all English; you could not find the like of it but in this island. I wish I could tell you all about that "Quiet Home." My visit, which I intended should be confined to two hours, lasted as many days; and it will be a long time before I forget that sweet little cottage, which stands nestled there among the green trees and shrubbery.

It is not so dreadful a thing as might happen, after all, to be an old maid, you would say, if you could for once step across the threshold of that "Quiet Home." The sisters have passed what in common parlance is called the sunny side of thirty; but their hearts are just as fresh and buoyant, warm and generous as ever. If fortune, beauty, wit, and accomplishments can gain "a settlement for life,"

they could have been married long ago. But, in truth, as they said, "they were as happy in each other's society as they had any desire to be; earth was a Paradise to them; it might *not* be, if any change should occur." (I beg you will not think, dear——, that *I* proposed any; though I know not what I might have done, had I not been already blessed.) Books, music, gardens, fountains, flowers, rich landscapes, fortune, health, confidence, sisters' love, which cannot be selfish, a house in town, and friends everywhere! How few on earth have all this!

We all gathered around the hospitable board, and passed away the evening in conversation about France, and Spain, and Italy, where they had travelled; our own land of the Pilgrims; of friends, some of whom were in distant countries, some on the wide sea, and some in Heaven—who cannot tell of loved ones who are dead—who are in a brighter world than ours; and who does not love to speak of them? "Oh! the grave! the grave!

It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections." Who knows how to speak to the heart better than Irving?

One of the ladies put these lines into my hand in manuscript:—

ABSENT FRIENDS.

Oh! when the heart is lonely,
Musing on joys gone by—
When memory's mournful tribute
Is the whisper of a sigh—
Still, still, all is not sorrow;
With sadness pleasure blends,
As from the past we borrow
The smiles of absent friends.

How oft, when gently stealing
Alone 'neath twilight ray,
When every harsher feeling
Is chasten'd by its sway,
Will memory softly ponder,
As o'er the past she bends,
And erring fancy wander
To greet our absent friends.

When joy and pleasure lighten
The bosom by their power;
When peace and comfort brighten
The social evening hour;
The heart, still true to friendship,
Its kindly wishes sends
To those by distance parted,
Our much-loved absent friends.

We think on those who've left us;
We see their vacant seat;
We feel, had they been with us,
Our bliss had been complete.
To hours by sorrow shrouded
Their presence joy could lend;
We would that skies unclouded
Still brought each absent friend.

But oh! the sweet emotion
This thought will oft excite,
That in the heart's devotion
With us they may unite;
That the same arm which guards us,
O'er them in love extends,
That the same eye beholds us
And cherish'd absent friends.

And when stern death hath summon'd
Some loved one from our sight;
When joy is turned to sorrow,
And morning into night;

That arm can still sustain us,
  Can kind assistance lend,
Can teach us that hereafter
  We may rejoin our friend.

Then, oh! thou gracious Saviour,
  When earthly comforts flee,
May our souls find an anchor,
  A resting-place in thee:
Be Thou our hope, Redeemer,
  Our guide unto the end,
Our solace and protector,
  Our ever-present Friend.

---

Who does not feel happy after a gorgeous dream? Who does not love to have the mind break away from the base thraldom of matter, and assert her empire in the spiritual world? I read the lines I have copied for you, and retired to my chamber. I had a delightful dream of home and kindred. Around our old ancestral hearth, on which burned a bright wood fire, I saw gathered every friend, living or departed, we ever truly loved: such a group as cannot now be assembled, but in defiance of matter, on earth or in heaven.

Those same kind voices, which have long been hushed in death's sleep, I heard again. I felt once more the warm pressure of hands that have mouldered away. The old wainscoted halls echoed the music of gay voices which once rung there, now heard no more on earth; and the same generous hearts that had so often on Christmas and Thanksgiving-day evenings clustered around that old altar of home, were now beating by that happy fireside as in other days. I did not think, as I saw them all gathered there, how they had been scattered like chaff upon the summer threshing-floor. No, they were all there then, as we shall yet see them in some bright circle in Heaven. Oh! I would as soon surrender all belief in a future state, as I would that it will be a world where ties which death has severed shall again be united; where the associations of friendship shall again be renewed, and those long separated shall meet to part no more.

The next morning I took a walk before

sunrise, and heard, for the first time since I have been in England, the notes of the lark. I found some old ruins on a hill-top, near the bank of a stream; an old graveyard, the inscriptions all faded; old Mortality himself could not restore them. The horn of the London coach came winding up the valley; and the sun spread its rich beams on the hill-tops, while the meadows, through which the stream wandered, were covered with a deep mist that concealed half their beauty, only to make them the more lovely.

One must have breathed the close and murky air of London many days; mingled in its restless crowds; been wearied with its everlasting din, to prize such a morning walk in the country, with its pure air and green fields. When I returned breakfast was ready.

An English breakfast is one of the best things in the world—coffee and toast. This, you will say, is nothing very extraordinary: true; but this is not the breakfast. The London papers left on your table by the news-boy, fresh from

the cylinder: with the voice of the universal world they come to your dwelling; and then something better still—conversation: these make up the breakfast.

I have formed a great liking for some of the domestic usages of England. I think there can be no question that the English surpass us in the true economy of life. By the English I mean just what every one does; not the mass of human beings; of hearts, nerves, and sympathies; but that portion of society in prosperous circumstances, constituting, perhaps, about one twentieth part of the population. This class have reduced the economy of living to a perfect system. They know how to enjoy life better; and they live longer. They cluster more comforts and attractions around their homes; and devote more time to intellectual and social improvement. There is an air of comfort and enjoyment in their houses you seldom find in America. They love their homes better; they seek their happiness there. Their children are more neatly

dressed; they have a more finished education; exercise more in the open air; their morals are better guarded; their manners more agreeable; they have better taste.

An Englishman takes a bath in the morning; walks with his children in the garden; eats leisurely his cheerful breakfast; learns all the news; goes to his business and works hard till four o'clock, and then his work for the day is done. He spends a full hour at his dinner-table; rides a few miles with his wife and children; and devotes the evening to society. He is satisfied if he is slowly accumulating; takes life easy, and enjoys himself as he goes along.

The American rises earlier than the Englishman; eats a hasty and hearty breakfast without speaking; has no time to converse, for he is *planning* for the day. He plunges into business; catches a bite at one o'clock "if it comes handy;" works on till dark; goes home worn out; drinks a cup of tea, and sits down to his desk to *calculate.* If his children climb his knee, "the envied kiss to share," the mother is summoned

to take them away and send them to bed, for their father cannot be interrupted; *he must attend to his business.*

The wife sits in the corner the livelong evening, communing with herself. If her husband takes his seat on the sofa by her side (which is actually sometimes done), she says, "Well, hubby, I'm glad you 've got through with your business. Now I must read you a word in this charming new work of Irving's."

"Oh, fudge! Mary, don't bother me with such trash. I'll buy books, as many as you please" (which is true as Holy Writ), "but *you* must read them. But now throw aside your book, and we will talk about something of more consequence. I've made five hundred dollars to-day, as sure as fate."

"Why, my dear, I'm very glad. Pray tell me all about it." The book is thrown upon the table, and the dutiful wife listens to her lord's report.

"There's young ——, you know, has been out to Iowa. Well, he 's made an independent

fortune in six weeks. He took away only two thousand five hundred dollars, and he holds the deeds of fourteen thousand acres of land, besides twenty-seven lots in the new city just laid out in —— County."

"Well, dear, but tell me how you 've made your five hundred dollars to-day."

"Why, I bought five of his city lots for five hundred dollars: and I could sell them to-morrow for twice the money."

"But, my dear, have you ever *seen* them?"

"Why, no! I've not seen them exactly, but—bless my soul, only think of it—buy five splendid city lots for one hundred dollars a piece. I don't want to see them. I know I can sell them for double the money—yes, treble—but I won't sell them at *any price*; I'll keep them; and I've been thinking we had better sell out, and move to Iowa—it's only two thousand miles out there."

"Oh! Clement, I beg you won't think of it! We have just got ready to enjoy life now. You have money enough; we are rich; we

have the prettiest house in town; all our friends are here; our garden, and trees, and flowers, and our good old New-England home. Give it all up! Why, you will break my heart, so there."—So the plan don't work very well. He goes to bed in silence, and she sits up to weep a while; but at last, consoling herself with the thought that

> As long as a woman's blessed with a tongue,
> She'll be sure to have her own way,"

she dries her tears, and takes up her book.

Go there in six months, and you find the house deserted: the family have "gone to the West." On arriving at his destination, Clement finds his city lots two hundred and fifty miles in the woods, fifty from a clearing, and twenty from any house, in the midst of a dense forest somewhere between the farthest settler and the jumping-off-place—the whole city occupied by trees, and ruled by a Common Council of bears, wolves, "'coons, and other varmint," their silent sway disturbed only by

the plaintive notes of Mary as she sings of her old New-England home; the sound of Clement's axe cutting his own wood *now*; or the crack of the wild Indian's rifle—you know the rest. Of how many thousand stories like this we have heard! Of how many Americans can it be said, they started on nothing—worked hard—got suddenly rich—became dyspeptic—just got ready to enjoy life—lost their fortune by speculation, or—were blown up in a steamboat!

There is with us, among all classes, a feverish desire to be suddenly rich. There are strong bilious tendencies in our climate, and the whole American people are nervous, excitable, and characterized by great cerebral activity. The American launches upon a wild, foaming current the moment he enters the business world. Money is his object. In the restless pursuit of this, he gives himself no leisure for literature, none for society, except at some great, vulgar jam, ycleped a party. At forty he is an old man; and in five years more he

is dead. It is nonsense to expect that such men can live long—as soon look for a long-lived race-horse. We are the least practically philosophical of any people in the world.

If a Wall-street banker were to leave his office at two o'clock, to spend the rest of the day with his family, he would be hissed on 'Change. Go into any town in the United States, and you will find elderly men in the full zenith of acquisition, and octogenarians who have not yet made enough. It is lamentable.

No, there can be no comparison instituted between the English and Americans in regard to the economy of domestic life. And I think that while our girls, from fifteen to twenty, are far more beautiful and lovely than English girls of the same age ever are, yet their *women* quite as strikingly surpass those of our own country in personal appearance. The American girl is beautiful as a wild flower, but almost as fragile. She marries before her form has gained its fair and full proportion; the cares

of a family press heavily upon the young mother; the brilliant colour goes from her cheek; and in a few years she dies of consumption. I should think that, as a general fact, the American ladies marry at least five or six years younger than the English. They confine themselves to the close air of ill-ventilated apartments; are not in the habit of walking any distance, or of riding on horseback; have the cares, and generally much of the hard labour of the parlour, nursery, and kitchen, thrown upon them; seldom resort to a bath:—why, it is a wonder that they live so long.

The voices of the English women are much sweeter—their laugh is music; they have a fine sense of propriety, but are not fastidious: neither are they *prudish*. Captain Marryat, or some one else, tells a story of an American girl who dressed the legs of her sofa in *pantalettes*. I never have met with just such a case; but should not wonder if there were such; for it quite shocks an American girl to

hear an insinuation that ladies have those shocking things, called "legs" and "knees"—in England. She would fain have us believe her pretty feet are *pinned-to*—This is prudery! You cannot find it in England; and no man will say it is because Englishwomen are not modest and virtuous.

But you will not understand me to speak aught against my fair countrywomen. I think England deserves the praise in these things, and I cheerfully award it. But there is a circumstance not to be forgotten. These statements are not intended to apply to every case; for I have seen homes in America as well regulated; women with as fresh and healthful countenances; as cultivated, many of them, as any I have seen here. And the proportion they bear to the whole of society is much greater.

In this country, the wealth, the power, the learning, the cultivation, the comfort, are all confined to the few. England never mentions the wide and sterile desert where the masses,

like the children of Israel, are wandering; where the fiery flying-serpents, the bitter waters of Meribah, the scorching sun, and the wild beasts make their journey terrible—Englishmen never write or speak of these things—oh, no! They are for ever talking about the *oasis*. But in America streams and rivulets flow by every man's dwelling; the poor sit under *their own* vine and fig-tree; all have competence, and there is "none to make afraid."

We have but two classes; the working men, who are advancing in wealth and improvement; and those who have elevated themselves to opulence and refinement.

True, we have in some of our cities a few trying to ape the aristocracy of Europe—to get up a livery, and all that; but their number is not sufficient to be dignified with the title of a class; they are only a small *clique*. Such efforts, too, are generally failures. They make a dash for a while; but it is a *shinplaster* aristocracy. A "specie circular," a "panic," a

"bank suspicion," a "veto," dissolves the charm. A mortgage of their *gewgaws* is made out to *the usurer*; the family rusticate, and become republicans once more: we forgive them for their folly, for they have "paid dear for the whistle." Their furniture is sold at the auction room for a few good hard dollars; and their neighbours learn wisdom from their example, as imperishable as the stars: a buoy tells the story—"Ah, I see! some bark has gone down here—I will tack!"

Yes, England boasts of her *oasis*. True, they are beautiful; but it is not a very delightful idea to a plain republican, that the fields for five miles round have been robbed of their soil to beautify a few green spots. The farmer understands matters better than to scrape the rich mould into heaps, and then raise a fine crop from a *patch*, and impoverish his whole plantation to do it. I think it very likely his brother farmers would be more apt to laugh at his folly than admire his *oasis*.

Oh! no, that is the best government which

secures to all the greatest amount of happiness. Show me a very *learned* man in England, and as a contrast, I will show some thousands around him who cannot read the Bible nor write their names: a *rich* man, and I will show you a thousand beggars; a polished and beautiful woman, who seems to have only enough of the *earthly* mingled in her constitution to say that she is mortal; one who, in her grace and loveliness, would almost make you believe she had sprung, like the fabled Muses, from heaven; and hard by, yea, following her carriage, I will show one created as beautiful and as good as she, who is driven to sell her virtue for a bit of bread; who hunts the very kennel for a morsel of cast-away food; and who, in default of that, is gathering with her naked hands the vilest refuse of the streets to sell, that she may, for her labour, get a crust or a bone before she dies!

Blessed be God, such sights are not to be found in our own land! Diffuse the wealth, the learning the cultivation of the few in

England over the mass of society, and it would be poverty, ignorance, and ill-breeding, in comparison of the United States. Should an Englishman, ever glance over this letter, ten to one he will say it is not so; for this is the way an Englishman generally disposes of unpalatable truths. But I am quite inclined to think the old adage true: "Facts are stubborn things."

Most truly yours,

Liverpool,—, 1840.

DEAR ——,

TO-DAY I have whiled away a few hours in St. James's Cemetery. It is a quiet, green burial-ground in the upper part of the town; a difficult place to describe, and yet I want you to have some idea of it.

The Cemetery is enclosed by a massive stone wall, surmounted by a handsome iron railing, and has four entrances. It is on the site of an old quarry, from which immense quantities of stone have been excavated for the public buildings and docks of the town. These excavations have left a wild, beautiful glen, fifty feet deep, ninety yards wide, and one-fourth of a mile in extent—nearly in the form of a crescent.

The eastern side presents a wall of masonry almost perpendicular, in which one hundred and five catacombs have been excavated. The western side and the two extremities are

bordered by sloping banks, planted by the smaller classes of forest-trees; and the level winding plain below is tastefully disposed in shrubberies, serpentine walks, and plots of grass bordered with flowers.

There is always a pleasure mingled with the sadness we feel in wandering among the resting-places of the dead, when we see flowers and shades planted around them. Half the melancholy is forgotten as we associate the memory of the departed with the delicate and beautiful works of nature. We love to forget the decay and dishonours of the tomb, and among the emblems of hope and life think only of immortality.

And there is something very delightful, too, in wandering through such a holy and tranquil spot in the midst of a large town. It seems like a triumph of poetry, and the sublime interests of the soul over the restless spirit of gain and business. The progress of wealth and commerce has been onward, but one spot has been spared. It is true, as Irving says, "Few pageants can be more stately and frigid

than an English funeral in town. It is made up of show and gloomy parade; mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief." I have witnessed to-day such a scene in this Cemetery; but there was a peaceful, rural calm spread over it when the pageant had disappeared.

Many visiters, particularly at evening, resort here. The natural effect of this must be to refine and elevate the mind. We cannot turn away from the ceaseless whirl and excitement of the world, and wander among the solemn homes of the dead, without being made better.

The oratory, where the funeral service is performed, stands on the brink of a perpendicular rock, overlooking the green Cemetery below. It is a classic gem of Doric architecture, and a perfect specimen of a Greek Hypaethral temple.

As I was strolling about the Cemetery, a funeral procession came in; and I followed it to the new-made grave. The utter heart-

lessness with which the officiating clergyman read the burial service shocked me. He hurried away from the band of mourners clustered around the grave, humming to himself a light air, and apparently as little affected with the solemn scene as though death were a dream, and the eternal world a fiction.

---

This morning, in company with a friend, I went to see the house of Roscoe, "The Father of Liverpool;" the noble philanthropist, and the elegant historian of the Medici. Through Irving's Sketch-Book the name of Roscoe has been transmitted to every hamlet, and almost every house in America.

It arouses the indignation of the man of letters, to think of the ingratitude of the people of Liverpool towards their generous benefactor. The town whose monuments were associated with his benevolence and genius, and which he had embellished with his own private fortune, saw the home where he had clustered around him everything that

could impart happiness to himself, or render him useful to others, and from which he came forth every day to cheer and adorn his native city, entered by retainers of the law; and the halls that had been hallowed by the voice of the Muses, desecrated by the auctioneer's hammer.

Some weeks ago I had the pleasure of riding a hundred miles through the north of England, in company with a lady who was a relative of Roscoe; and she related to me many interesting circumstances connected with the history and last days of that illustrious man. She said that the most painful scene she ever witnessed was when she saw him go into his library for the last time. He was deeply attached to his books; and when he was called to part with them, it seemed like giving up his old familiar friends. Several days had elapsed since legal processes had been instituted against him; and during this period he expected that assistance from his friends which would have been so grateful to his heart, and

which he had reason to look for in this painful crisis.

When the unaverted stroke of the law at last fell, he went into his library, walked restlessly around it a few times, and seemed deeply agitated. Then seating himself in his favourite chair by the window, which looked out upon the green meadows through which the Mersey winds its quiet way, wrote these lines:

### TO MY BOOKS.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may affliction's dart;

Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;

For pass a few short years, or days
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

Good Roscoe!—yes, those "few short years" have passed, and thy pure spirit has gone to the generous embrace of the great and good who went before thee to that world where "kindred spirits meet to part no more." What a cheerless world this has always been for genius, and what a cold reception such noble spirits meet from it, till they have passed beyond the reach of its praise or its censure.

"Now let me show you some other places," said my friend to me as we left this spot, once the elegant home of Roscoe.

"No," I answered, "I will see nothing to-day but Roscoe's grave."

---

Last Monday evening I attended the monthly concert of all the Dissenting Churches in town at the Crescent Chapel. A very beautiful address was delivered by Mr. Birrell, of the Free Baptist Church, on the genius and

history of David Brainerd; and on Tuesday evening I met an interesting circle of friends at his house; among others, the lady of the minister of the church where Wickliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," preached nearly five hundred years ago. That venerable edifice is still standing, with the same pulpit from which Wickliffe preached, and the old stone chair in which he used to sit in the vestry.

After tea, Mr. Birrell handed down from the ceiling a picture of Edwards, whose name is cherished on this side the Atlantic with the deepest veneration. I related to him the unpublished history of the affection of Brainerd and Jerusha Edwards, which presents a beautiful illustration of "love stronger than death."

You remember that it was the desire of President Edwards, as well as of his daughter, that she should be with Brainerd in his last illness. She stood by his sick-bed, and was his ministering angel till he died. In a little while they met again in Heaven.

I think this has been one of the happiest days of my life. I always had a great desire to see the old Roman city of Chester. It is thought to be the most interesting old town in England, and I will endeavour to give you as correct an idea of it as possible. We crossed the Mersey at Liverpool, and took a post-chaise at Woodside to Chester, sixteen miles. It was delightful to get away from the din and smoke of the city, and ride through the garden scenery of England.

We passed several quiet villages and hamlets, and on every side plantations were stretching away, broken into numberless little fields by green hawthorn hedges. One of the sweetest things in English scenery is the irregularity and wildness of these hedge-rows and fields. They are wholly without plan, and seem the work of chance. The English villages are little sheltered clusters of whitewashed cottages, reminding us, by their appearance, that they were built in troublesome times, when their dwellers sought to be near each other for mutual protection; for it is said, that there is not a vil-

lage in England which has not, at some time or other, been disturbed by the wild and barbarous echoes of war during the days of her civil commotions. Almost all the dwellings stand immediately on narrow, winding streets, their low and moss-grown roofs and casements coming nearly to the ground—all overhung with ivy and honeysuckle, and children playing by the door. A little farther on you see some more venerable and spacious mansion, where the great man of the little village lives; and, last of all, in some quiet spot, the abode of the pastor, overshadowed by the lofty and time-worn church; and all around it "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" sleeping. Oh! you would not believe, to ride by these English homes, that this beautiful island could be the abode of so much heart-breaking wretchedness. But many of those children are hungry; and many who once dwelt here were glad when they could lie down by that old church to' their final sleep.

In two hours we had passed fifteen miles

over the smooth road from Woodside, and before us lay the venerable city of Chester. We felt strange emotions; for we were approaching the gates of a walled town, which had been the camp of the 20th legion of the Roman army for 400 years. When the City of David was falling under the cruel arm of Rome, those mailed warriors were here erecting their fortifications, and extending the bounds of an empire which embraced nearly the whole known world.

Chester stands on the bank of the river Dee, and is surrounded by a massive wall, two miles in circuit, entered by four gates, one on either side of the city. It has been the crowded abode of successive generations for seventeen hundred years. In some places the walls have mouldered to the ground, while on the north side they still lift their time-blackened ramparts one hundred feet high, as if bidding defiance to the storms and shocks of time, which long since laid the great empire which reared them, in the dust.

The finest tower still standing is on the north-east part of the city; and it was from this that the unfortunate Charles I, in 1645, saw his noble army routed on the neighbouring fields of Rowton Moor. The Castle still lifts its proud front, and overhangs the waters of the Dee. This castle has been the scene of many a bloody tragedy in former ages. It was the prison of Richard II before he resigned his crown to Henry of Lancaster; and while he was here locked up, Chaucer was writing his poems, and Wickliffe making the first English translation of the Bible. There is, also, a massive round tower yet standing, built by the Romans, and still bearing the name of Cæsar. It inspires one with a strange awe, to wander over these monuments of that great empire, which for ages made the world tremble at her name.

Where now are those mailed bands which once moved through these streets?—gone! Where those brave knights who met on yonder tournament-ground in days of chivalry, to con-

tend for the love of the fair and the applause of the brave? Where the conquerors who have, one after another, for a brief hour, hung out their flag of victory from these old towers? gone—all gone! It is among such ruins, if ever, that we feel "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

As we passed down from the walls, we entered the solemn Cathedral. It is a spacious, irregular pile of red stone. Some parts of it were built by the Saxons, twelve hundred years ago; some are in the style of the Norman conquest, and the rest in the rich Gothic of the fifteenth century. This great temple of God stands on the ground once occupied by a temple to Apollo.

We were most interested in that part designated the monastery, and which was dedicated to St. Werburgh, a beautiful and pious daughter of the King of Mercia. It subsequently became the abbey church of a monastery of Benedictines. In passing through the cloister and chapter house we seemed to hear voices

from the old walls, telling their melancholy story of dark deeds and cruel self-torture, committed by monks whose religion consisted chiefly in the belief that they could best win the love of the Deity by lacerating his image; of noble hearts whose fountains of sympathy and social love were here frozen up; of the wreck of sixty generations.

Here we were shown a stone coffin of Hugh Lupus, a nephew of William the Conqueror, and first Earl of Chester, which was discovered a hundred years ago; the body wrapped in an ox-hide for a winding-sheet: it lies in the midst of Gothic grandeur and monkish relics. The Marquis of Westminster, who resides at Eaton Hall, four miles from Chester, is the lineal descendant of Hugh Lupus, and probably there are few men in the world besides him, who can tell the exact place where rests the dust of an ancestor who died seven hundred years ago.

We drove out of the city on the south side, over a magnificent bridge of light freestone,

which spans the Dee in a single lofty and graceful arch of two hundred feet. The Dee winds beautifully through a range of luxuriant fields, and is overshadowed by stately elms. Two miles from the bridge we entered Eaton Park, through a pinnacled and richly-ornamented octagon lodge, over a smooth road of gravel, where not a spear of grass is permitted to grow. This sweeps gracefully, for the first mile, through thickly-set plantations of every diversity of growth, embosoming at this time of the year, amid their varied tints of green, the bud and the blossoms of every flowering shrub and tree known to the climate.

We then passed for half an hour over open ground which commands distant views of the country, and through a vista behind, a beautiful perspective of Chester and her antique towers. This part of the park is finely ornamented with groves, clumps, and solitary trees under whose shade several hundred deer were reposing. We soon came to an embattled gateway of stone, flanked by towers, sculptured

with the armorial bearings of the Grosvenors, and passed into the pleasure-grounds which surround the Hall. In a few moments we saw the turrets of the Hall peeping through the dense wood which guards it on the north; and in coming into an inner lawn the whole western front of this splendid pile burst upon the view. It is built of light freestone, in the richest Gothic style, and is four hundred and fifty feet long, exclusive of an extensive range of offices, coach-houses, &c., of the same elegant architecture. The whole is adorned with sculptured heraldic devices, and surrounded by pinnacles, turrets, and embattled towers.

The grand entrance is through a Gothic portico of clustered pillars. A complete harmony of design reigns through this entire mass of architecture. The freestone, marble, oak, and mahogany, down to the most minute fixture, are all wrought in the same ornamental Gothic style. The entrance-hall is very lofty and noble. The floor is tesselated pavement of fine marble, and cost upwards of two thousand

guineas. A magnificent chandelier is supported by a pendant in the centre. The chimney-pieces are of the finest Italian marble, flanked on either side by niches, in which stands the ancient armour of four knights; you would be astonished that a human being could move with such an immense weight of metal about him.

In passing a gallery at the farther end, you find yourself in the midst of one of the most extensive and beautiful open corridors on the globe; extending the entire length of the edifice, the perspective either way terminating at a distance of more than two hundred feet, where a stream of glowing and brilliant light is pouring in through stained windows. The suites of rooms on the east and west fronts communicate directly with this corridor, and the bed-rooms in the same manner with a corresponding corridor above. We were first led into the Chapel, which is a chaste and beautiful room, receiving its light from a large finely-painted window, where the scholar reads

the name of Jehovah in Hebrew. Here the whole household assemble for prayers every day, and worship on the Sabbath; and I learned a fact of much interest in regard to the chaplain. In walking through his gardens a few years ago, the marquis inquired of one of his gardeners, who was a serious man, where he attended church. He replied that he went to hear Mr. ——, because he liked his preaching better than any he ever heard; and he expressed a wish that his lordship would take occasion to hear him. A few Sabbaths after the marquis invited the clergyman referred to, to officiate in the Chapel of the Hall, and was so much pleased with his services that he made him his private chaplain. The marquis is understood to be a sincere friend to religion, and is distinguished for his philanthropic spirit. I was struck with the affectionate mention of his name by all of his servants with whom I conversed.

The great apartments are on the east front, and look out upon the gardens. They consist

of a state bed-chamber, with suites of dressing rooms; dining and billiard rooms; a music saloon; two drawing-rooms, and a library. They contain paintings of great value, by old masters, and portraits of the most distinguished of the Grosvenor family, from Hugh Lupus to the marquis and his lady. There are several fine scripture pieces in the drawing-room, by West.

One of the drawing rooms is in blue and silver, and the other in crimson and gold. The state bedstead is a rich piece of work of carved oak, with hangings of blue and silver, and is an exact model of the portico of which I have spoken. From the ceiling of each room hangs a superb crystal chandelier, and immense pier-glasses reflect from either side the splendour of the whole.

The library and Chapel, however, interested me more than all the rest. The former is the most beautiful room I ever saw. Here you find everything that curiosity and literary taste can desire. If I were condemned to remain

for ten years in a single apartment, and were permitted to choose that apartment myself, I would select this. Everything is chaste and classic. The south windows command a view of some of the richest landscapes in England, from the woody parks and gardens around, to the Welch mountains in the distance; and from the east front a sweet prospect opens, with a broad terrace gently descending to the Dee. I will not attempt to describe the gardens; they are too much like the magical visions that come to us in dreams.

As we left this scene of enchantment, it seemed to us strange that its noble possessor could exchange the quiet shades, the cool fountains, and balmy breezes of Eaton Hall, for the heated air, the dissipated scenes, and the eternal din of London.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SCHULZE AND CO. 13, POLAND STREET.

00097846

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016